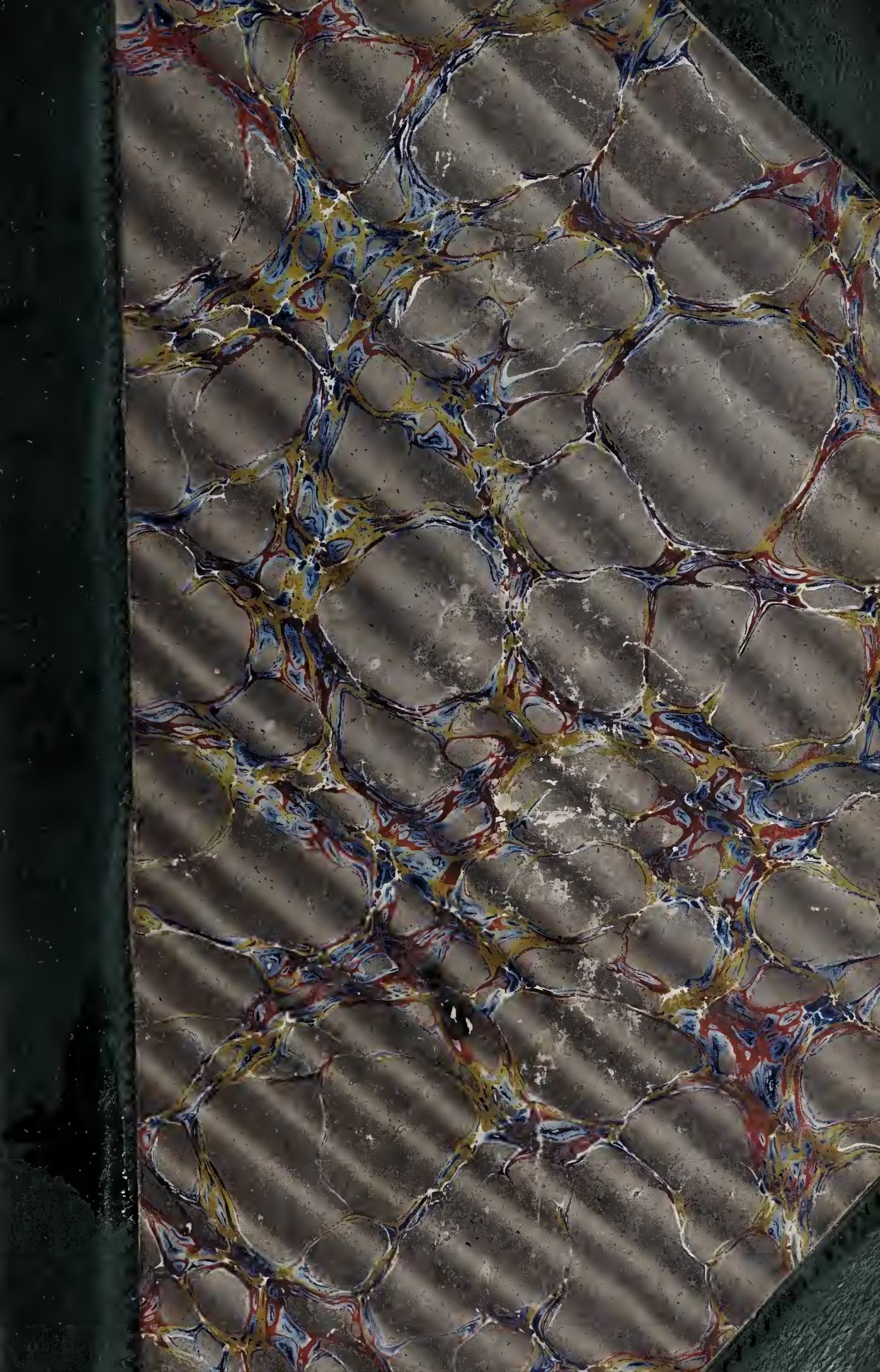


William Jones Westby Esq^r

The
HOYT COLLECTION
OF FRENCH HISTORY

PRESENTED TO
THE UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA LIBRARY
BY
WILLIAM HENRY HOYT

944.05
P366n
v.1

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

https://archive.org/details/napoleonormyster01peck

NAPOLEON;

OR, THE

MYSTERIES OF THE HUNDRED DAYS,

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL,

BY MRS. PECK,

AUTHOR OF THE "BARD OF THE WEST."

VOL. I

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,
STATIONERS-COURT, AND
WESTLEY AND TYRRELL, SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN.

1826.

Advertisement.

When this work was commenced, the Author had no idea, that the Title, nor any part of it, should have been taken by another person—however, it appears, that a book, bearing a title somewhat similar, namely, "*The Hundred Days*," has been published by

944.05
P366n
V.1

Mr. Hobhouse. The Author, has not seen this production; but takes it for granted, that it is of a nature entirely different from the present work; therefore, cannot, in any way, interfere with her designs, or object; which are to amuse, and inform, those readers, who prefer FACTS, *dressed up by the imagination*, to dry and tedious narrative. The *Decameron* of *Boccaccio*, gave the idea of naming this *Mélange*, "The Hundred Days." The "*Decameron*," was founded on the occupation, and amusement of "*Ten Days*," during the plague at Florence: these anecdotes of the *Cent Jours*, are founded, principally, on the situation of affairs

in France, previous to, and during the period, in which NAPOLEON was amusing the French, from the time of his return from Elba, to his defeat at WATERLOO.

PREFACE.

It is usual, previous to the reader's entering upon the subject which is submitted to his consideration, that the writer should offer something by way of introduction; explanatory of the nature and tendency of the work, which is to come under his perusal—and whose decision of its merits or demerits, depends more upon the sensations which

it creates in the mind, than upon any intrinsic value which the thing may possess in itself.

The strange events which have taken place in Europe, during the reign of *Napoleon*, warrant the writer of fiction, to make use of their aid in illustrating the human character, by decorating simple FACTS, with the drapery of fancy ; for in many respects, the *Tales of the Genii* have been outdone, by the almost supernatural exploits, of the LATE CONTROLLER OF THE FATE OF NATIONS.

Some *mysterious circumstances*, have been introduced into the body of the following work, which may surprise the reader, in the first instance : but these are in a good degree developed,

and explained by the conclusion. The anecdotes of the *Dauphin*, real, or pretended, as the character may have been —are borne out by the history of the times; and where fancy has, in any instance, out-stepped the boundaries of mere truth, it has not, however, crossed the pale of probability.

The other *personages* who have been introduced to the notice of the reader, have been—and many of them still are —*living characters* :* who have severally acted, the parts assigned them, in the busy scenes, of those restless times.

The main circumstances, said to have attended the *public* career of those *personages*; are strictly true: which it is

* See Fragment.

hoped, will be deemed a sufficient apology for suppressing *real names*: the reader, however, may amuse himself by the exercise of his own imagination, in finding out the originals. The object of the writer, being to display human nature, as a moral lesson—not to wound the feelings of individuals, *unnecessarily*, by any personal application of the vices too common in the higher ranks of life.

INTRODUCTION.

The state of all Europe, and the situation of the principal Hero of these memoirs, at the period to which they refer, afford a sufficient ground-work for the exercise of fancy, as well as for the mere record of facts. The Book lately published by Mr. O'Meara, may have its peculiar interest, but that can be *only* as far as

relates to the immediate political concerns of the high contending parties, who have been engaged in deciding the fate of Europe—if, indeed, that fate should be yet decided. The author of the following Work, has had an object different from that which any political feeling could excite—namely to entertain those who read, as the French say, *pour passer les tems;* and she hopes that her present labour has not been in vain.

It may not be amiss to state, that the Author having been resident in France, at the period which astonished all Europe, by the return of *Napoleon* from Elba—she had an opportunity of being made acquainted with many particulars, which are not generally known; and

which can scarcely fail of exciting a lively interest. How she has succeeded in making use of these materials—which have been gained by some trouble, and inquiry—she must leave to the opinion of those who compose her readers—to whose candour the work is submitted, by their

Obliged Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Dublin, 1st June, 1826.

P. S.—The Author has to tender her unfeigned thanks, for the very favourable reception, which her last

Work, "*The Bard of the West,*" or "NED OF THE HILLS,"* met with from the public, both in this country, and in England.

* It may be proper to state, that the Irish National Tale, of "*The Bard of the West,*" is founded on some curious documents, left by the late PROVOST ANDREWS, of *Trinity College, Dublin;* which throw a light on Irish History—and that part of these papers, came into the Author's possession through her mother, who was niece to the learned Doctor.

A FRAGMENT.

Churchill was right, when he composed the following couplet :—

> Cursed be the man, whom fate ordains in spite,
> And cruel parents, teach to read and write ;

Aye, and doubly cursed the *Woman*, who is so taught. What have women to do with such things ? Why should they set up either for philosophers, historians, or poets ? It is true, to get a little money for certain necessary occasions—a woman may be induced to venture

on a silly Novel, or a play: but if they should be d—m—d, how can she help it? It may be all accident: the party was not sufficiently strong—or she had not money to pay for puffs; or she was growing old, and getting out of fashion—or, perhaps, the thing itself had not even novelty to recommend it:—or what is worse than all, it might happen that *Truth* was blended with the story. An Author, indeed, is sometimes like a fortunate General, the first *success*, is every thing: at least covers a multitude of after errors.

When I was in Italy, I had the following conversation with *Madame de Stael*; which conformable to the example of "*Waverley*,"* (with all due humility,) I shall lay before my readers, in a dramatic form.

* * * * * * * * *

* "Prefatory letter, from the Rev. Doctor Driasdust, of York." "*Peveril of the Peak.*" *Vol. I.*

MADAME DE STAEL, (pointing to a large roll of papers, in the hands of the person she addressed; and bowing her head) Dear Madam, of this long induction, hereafter; let me look into the MS. of which you desire my opinion.

AUTHOR. *Madame!* I beg your pardon for wearying you all this while, with the prefatory part; but as my romance, history, or novel, (which you please to call it,) is founded on *Truth;* and as you are the very mother of our art, in this *age of elegant inquiry*;|| and have vouchsafed me a hearing; I thought it might not be considered breaking the bounds, to skim the cream of the narrative, in the first instance; or in other words, to give you a peep behind the curtain, before the commencement of the drama.

|| See *Madame de Stael's,* popular Novel of "*Corinne.*" It is an elegant abridgment of the history of Italy.

MADAME DE STAEL. (Looking half-arch, half-earnest.) I understand. You mean to say, that this *Novel*, is a painting from REAL LIFE, and no *fiction*; and that according to LORD BYRON, who it is said, was always the *Hero* of his own *Tale*; you are, perhaps, the *Heroine* of yours.

AUTHOR. Not so, *Madame!* Though I do not affect less self-love than other authors, for the child of their brain! But, the history of an *humble individual*, such as I am; would by no means suit the present taste for *excitement*!! To attach interest to a novel, in these days, a poor scribbler like myself, must *hold out* some great PERSONAGE, or *personages*; of sufficient *notoriety*, without the *aid of colouring*; to keep the reader in a state betwixt *sleeping*, and *waking*—a state which I deem favourable in an especial manner, to that philosophy, which *seeking* some enjoyment, will " *chew the sweet*

and bitter cud of fancy," without considering, *critically*, the objections which might be urged against it.

MADAME DE STAEL—at once, entered into my meaning. She fixed her eyes on me, with an expression of surprise, in her countenance ; and without speaking, leaned back in her easy chair, as if she had suddenly fallen into a musing mood—such as I have described ; which I conceived to be a quiescent permission for me, to continue my PREFACE—so I went on, explaining a *combination of circumstances*, relating to the aforesaid *Novel.*

During this long round about story ; (for I was particular to give time and place, for every thing I advanced,) I could perceive, that *Madame de Stael*, closed her eyes in good earnest, and seemed to doze ; however her understanding was wide awake ; for when I

mentioned the name of *Beaufort*, with an anxious expression in her looks, she started up! She still bent on me an eye of inquiry; and after a moment, said, "I did hear *something* of that family by letter. I did hear that a report was current in Ireland, that *Mr. Beaufort*, (the *literary Nob*, whom you pourtray in your *Novel*,) was actually the distinguished, but *unfortunate Lord*————, was it not so?" To which question, I answered in the affirmative, with all deference and modesty.

MADAME DE STAEL. (After a pause.) The *unhappy affair*, which cut him off from his country, and his friends; was much to be deplored.

AUTHOR. It caused a *strong sensation*, indeed! But, he fled from England, to Ireland; and taking the name of *Beaufort*, took sanctuary in the family of a worthy Clergyman, who

kept a highly respectable classical boarding school at * * * * * * * * * * * by whom he was engaged as an assistant, at a liberal salary ; although he had announced himself *only* as a mere *stranger* ; and brought with him, no other recommendation, than his own respectable appearance, polished manners, and cultivated intellect.

MADAME DE STAEL. What a romantic story!

AUTHOR. Yet, these are no *fictitious adventures*. As a PROFESSED SCHOLAR, he more than fulfilled the expectations entertained of him ; and endeared himself so much, to the young students under his care, by his *superior knowledge*, and address ; that the father of one of these youths, (an Irish Nobleman of great worth,) feeling grateful to him for some

kind attentions he had bestowed on his son; and wishing to cultivate the acquaintance of *such a man*! invited him to pass the Christmas recess with him, at his *seat* in the County of———. *Mr. Beaufort*, accepted the invitation: and the late Duke of R———, (then Viceroy in Ireland,) happening to come into that neighbourhood, on a shooting party; he called to pay his respects to Lord———. His Grace was in *Cog*, and his arrival was quite unexpected. He entered the house, *sans cérémonie*; and was conducted into the library, where his *noble* friend, and *Mr. Beaufort*, were sitting. The Duke instantly recognized the latter; and in a transport of joy, exclaimed, "*Oh, my dear William, is it here I find you*?" They embraced affectionately; but *Mr. Beaufort*, instantly took his Grace aside, and whispered something in his ear, which prevented any further explanation. However, the Duke, continued to treat him, as an *equal*. His Grace

seemed much agitated, and did not stay long; but before he took his leave, had been closeted more than hour, with *Mr. Beaufort.* Immediately, after this event; that *mysterious man*, having resigned his employment; withdrew himself from the house of the before mentioned clergyman; and joined his wife, and daughter; who had followed him from England; and resided in privacy, at the adjoining town of *Portarlington*; where he had fixed them, for the purpose of being near him. They lived there, quite retired for several years; during which time, *Mr. Beaufort*, (who now devoted himself entirely, to his literary pursuits,) it was said, edited a *Philosophical Magazine*, which had a great run; and was also the *Author* of several Works on Science, of high repute.

MADAME DE STAEL. I remember quite well; for as an *Author*, he was, perhaps, better known on the *Continent*, than even at *Home*!

But, if I recollect right, he died at * * * * and in the lines of the British Poet,

> "He left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

AUTHOR. Yes, *Madame*! He died of a *broken-heart*, after his daughter; who in the bloom of youth, beauty, and accomplishments, was carried off suddenly by, some say, the bursting of a *blood-vessel*.....At all events, she caught a fatal cold one night, in consequence of sitting at an open-window, in a heat.

MADAME DE STAEL. Alas! how untoward was the destiny of both!! for I have been informed, that his *daughter* was no less *celebrated* for her acquirements, than *Mr. Beaufort* himself; who is allowed to have been a man of the most profound, and extensive learning.

AUTHOR. His *daughter!* was indeed, a

rara avis. She was a perfect *Linguist*, a *Painter*, and a *Musician!* But, she had been educated, it was said, for a *particular purpose*, which remains a *mystery!* However, certain it is, after this young lady had completed, the course of her studies, which she did at a very early age; the family, in a *private way*, left the little town of Portarlington, in Ireland, (the place of their residence) without informing any person, whither they went; and it was somewhat remarkable, that at this *period*, a very *novel* exhibition of EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY, on *mathematical principles*, was brought forward in *Dublin*, which made a great noise in the world!! What this was, will be explained in the course of the work, to which it refers; suffice it to say, it *puzzled every one*, who saw it! and was successfully exhibited, not only in Dublin, London, and Edinburgh; but throughout all the *principal cities* in Europe, and America.

It is to be observed, that the *proprietor and inventor* of this *curious experiment*, kept himself *unknown;* but, from *certain leading circumstances*, it has been attributed, by the best informed on the subject, to the *masterly powers* of the late *Mr Beaufort*, who was one of the greatest *Mathematicians* of his day! In a word, after an absence of about eight, or nine years; during which time, he had travelled a great deal, accompanied by his *daughter;* they returned to Ireland, in affluent circumstances. However, *Mr. Beaufort*, was still under a *cloud;* and lived quite retired, as formerly. Neither did his *daughter* mix much in society; she seemed rather melancholy; and it was generally understood, that when at *Vienna*, with her father; she had met with a very EXTRAORDINARY PERSONAGE—a *Frenchman:* to whom she became attached. More did not transpire, till *Mr. Beaufort* and his *daughter*, went again on the *Continent;* where she, as

already related, found an early grave. * *

* * * * *

But, the history of this singular young female, who it appears, was neither *maid*, *wife*, nor *widow ! !* is given in our *Novel;* and in the *dénouement*, it will be found, that the *Heroine* of this *tale of fancy*, was the *celebrated* * *

* * * * *

NAPOLEON &c.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.—FRAGMENT, Page 25, line 3.—For "than hour," read "than *an* hour."

Page 12, line 23.—For "Hoc fonte derevata clodes," read "*hoc fonte derivata clades.*"

Page 101, line 8.—For "sololiquy," read "*soliloquy.*"

Page 140, line 19.—For "one one occasion," read "*on* one occasion."

Page 230, line 21.—For "aunlnled," read "*annulled.*"

Page 264, line 24.—For "thonght," read "*thought.*"

NAPOLEON, &c.

CHAPTER I.

And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From infinite perfection to the brink
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that pow'r,
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thomson.

The retreat of the Emperor Napoleon to Elba, having opened the dawn of tranquillity to Europe, many English and Irish families of distinction, took the opportunity of visiting the French Capital; to enable them to form, by actual observation, a closer opinion of the real

state and character of a people, whose convulsions and revolutions, for the comparatively short space of five-and-twenty years, stand unique in the history of the world.

Amongst these distinguished visitors, were some, who demand our more immediate attention; as more intimately concerned in the scenes, which constitute the materials of this narrative.

To exhibit vice and folly, in their own native deformity, is a very effectual mode of suppressing them, and collecting on their hapless votaries, the sneers and reprobation of society: though the contrary is but too much the practice of many of our modern poets and painters, who strain every effort to dress them up, in all the gaudy drapery and seductive attractions, of which fertile, and perhaps, rather congenial imaginations are so capable; to the great injury of the community, and the utter ruin of the young and heedless.

In the following sketches, of the scenes, which led to the catastrophe of "*The Hundred Days*" *of Napoleon*, the progress of female de-

pravity will be unfolded, and traced through all its mazes and convolutions ; and its successes and failures, ever various, often doubtful, illustrated ; so as to prove, that every deliberate act of vice has its spring, and origin, in some base passion or guilty feeling, cherished and incited by *avarice* and *vanity*.

Lady Belinda *Haut-ton*, was the eldest daughter of the Earl of——, whose high political character, as well as his family dissentions, are still fresh in the memory of every person, who has read the history of the last century.

We shall not, therefore, say much of the qualities which marked the parentage of the first heroine of these memoirs ; let it suffice, to inform the reader, that her birth was *noble*, and her education such as generally possessed by young ladies of high rank and ordinary capacity ; that is —— showy, volatile, and superficial ; without an iota of the sound, solid, or instructive : it subdued no passion, corrected no folly, it fanned her head, without mending the heart : it seemed to have totally disregarded those principles of candour, generosity, and

moral feeling which add lustre and sweetn ess to female charms ; and abandoned our heroine to the uncontrouled sway of vanity, affectation, and self-will. But, in the education of daughters, the *Haut-tons* are proverbially singular ; differing from all the discreet and sedate portion of mankind, in every essential particular of that most important duty : sacrificing all social virtue, and domestic endearment, to the glaring and sickly dissipations, so prevalent in what is called high life : where we often see, truth, candour, and sincerity, superseded by craft, dissimulation, and hypocrisy ; and the fountains of true happiness corrupted. Another peculiarity of the *Haut-tons*, in this respect is, their passion for male instructors. Instead of a moral and accomplished female, which class is numerous, and there are many of them in need of employment and support ; a gay Lothario or Abelard, is procured, who delivers lectures, if not on the charms of melody, at all events on those of love ; and betimes forms the taste and talent of his fair pupil, for the more agreeable pursuits of intrigue and gallantry.

This practice has too often the natural, if not the desired effect; it is often the source of sorrow and degradation, to the inexperienced victim; and of merited chagrin and shame to this high family. But the *Haut-tons* will have their way.

To the casual observer, lady Belinda appeared very beautiful: figure, feature, symmetry and grace were exquisite, and no art or ingenuity was spared to heighten their effect,—to give them the most towering ascendency;—to cast all rival beauties into the shade—and to fix the gaze, and admiration of the astonished beholder. Success far exceeded the fondest expectation.

With all this specious and attractive exterior her Ladyship possessed not one single amiable or estimable quality of the mind—low, artful, vindictive; fair as an angel without, but within as black as Erebus! But the *Haut-ton* family took no trouble to observe, or correct, the native foibles and propensities of their daughter: and while all due care was taken to render Lady Belinda, the object of exclusive admiration,

in the false and fugitive glare of high life, her mind was suffered to continue an uncultivated waste, and under the remorseless sway of the bad passions.

Now in the sixteenth year of her age, no wonder her personal charms brought her many admirers: and having attracted the particular attention of a gentleman of great fortune, but still greater merits, the Noble Earl, condescended to bestow his favourite child, without any fortune, however, on the happy Commoner: thus mixing for sake of this world's wealth, the noble blood of his ancestors, with that which he conceived to be little better than plebean.

The new married lady, made her *debut* as a wife, by appearing at the Irish Court, at a birth-night ball, in the latter end of the year 1782: ever memorable to Ireland—as the dawn of her *independence*, and æra of her liberty. The Duke of Rutland held, with a feeble grasp, and trembling hand, the reins of administration: while his young and beautiful Duchess, led the gay and giddy world, through all the mazes of fashion, and folly! Of her select parties, our

heroine, generally made one; and at the public and private amusements of the then half mad metropolis, which the Duchess resorted *pour passer les tems;* her Grace was accompanied by Lady Belinda HAUT-TON! But, here, let it be observed in *justice*, to the amiable, but young, and unthinking Duchess, that Lady Belinda soon outstepped the bounds prescribed by the rules of the Irish Court; and was of course no longer considered a proper guest, or welcome visitant; of this she received intimation, from the Master of the Ceremonies, in a private way; and she withdrew from the frolic-scene, to pay a visit, for the first time, to the mother of her husband, who had a delightful, but retired residence in the County of W——. During the short sojourn of the lady, with her mother-in-law, she assumed various airs of self-consequence, and affectation; and proved that, nymphs of quality do not, in general make the best wives. On one occasion, a circumstance occurred which may be thought not quite unworthy of note;—Lady Belinda imagined she found it necessary to make use of a celebrated

patent medicine. The old lady, feelingly alive to the happiness of her son ; remonstrated with her daugther-in-law, under the impression that, she might be in the family-way : who can imagine the horror and amazement of the old gentlewoman, when Lady Belinda, declared that, " if she thought it were the case, she would take a double dose !" This opened the eyes of Mrs. H——, to her true character ; and the lady soon after took her departure, with full consent, from the house of her venerable and afflicted relative.

Shortly after this event, her fond, and too indulgent husband, finding his fortune quite insufficient to support the lady in her unbounded extravagance, deemed it expedient to remonstrate ; which he did in very gentle terms, in the first instance : but, his *very dear* spouse, seemed highly incensed, at what she termed his " cruel treatment of a young creature like herself," who had made so many sacrifices ; and had relinquished her proper rank in society, by descending to form a connexion so much

beneath her. The husband listened with great patience; and when Lady Belinda had exhausted herself, he took out his watch, and said, "he would allow her *three hours*, to consider whether she could live on what he could afford her;" adding that, "if she could not bring herself properly to perform the duties of a wife, she should have £500 per annum to live as she liked best." In the true spirit of the *Haut-tons*, her ladyship emphatically replied, that "it did not require *three minutes* to decide; and that she took him at his word."

Accordingly arrangements were made for a final and perpetual separation, and Lady Belinda took leave with all imaginable *sang froid*, or rather pleasure, of husband, parents, family and friends—nay, of her native land. She felt a depraved delight in being emancipated from the duties of her station, and from all those restraints which delicacy and decency would impose: and being excluded the circles of the Irish Court, and of course, all fashionable society here, she set off direct to Paris, where

she found all that sort of dissipation, so perfectly agreeable to her taste and character, and which she enjoyed with a *goût* that proved her a true votary of pleasure.

CHAPTER II.

Above the smoke and stir of this *dim spot*,
Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this *pinfold* here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives.

Milton, Comus. A. 1.

In the preceding Chapter, we have given the reader an outline of the birth, education, natural and acquired endowments of Lady Belinda *Haut-ton*—her marriage, separation, and departure for the French Capital. As the scene changes to so novel and interesting a theatre, and assumes a character quite different from those in which our heroine, has heretofore so conspicuously figured, we shall now give a faithful account of her Ladyship's adventures, during her residence among that volatile and voluptuous people.

The French Court, at this period, (1783) presented a picture of human weakness, misery, and depravity, unparalleled in the history of the world: an oppressed and overborne people; an arbitrary and dissolute government: a corrupt clergy, and profligate aristocracy; who all severally let their vices loose, like Pandora's box, on the devoted nation; with scarce a ray of hope remaining, and exercised their rapacity, and cruelty, without mitigation, or remorse! Law, liberty, and religion, had taken flight and were no where to be found! Anarchy and impiety stalked abroad, spreading bondage and desolation over the land. The enslaved and plundered population, agitated with discontent and despair, and inflamed with vengeance, exhibited the bodings of that awful reaction; that tremendous retribution, which has astonished the world, and should never cease to be the monitor of tyrants.

Irreligion is the source of the vices; and these of every public and private calamity;

"Hoc fonte derevata clodes,
"In patriam populumque fluxit.—Hor.

At this lamentable period, religion and morality were chased from all fashionable societies, by the too much admired writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Piron, Grimm, &c.,* who, under the false name of philosophy, extinguished every principle of virtue, and all sense of moral obligation: while on the other hand, the example of the higher orders, gave a sort of sanction to the middle classes to indulge in the pursuit of every vice; which the quick invention of the French, had now brought to the very *acmè* of perfection, by a refinement unknown to other countries.

Lady Belinda *Haut-ton*, on her arrival in Paris, had formed a connexion with a set of characters, who were, if possible, still more depraved than those who composed the different circles of fashion, immediately within the vortex of the Court. Some of these, it is true, were occasional visitants there: and others had situations and employments, which gave a sort of

* For an account of these Philosophers of the Infidel School see Addenda.

sanction to their periodical appearance in the presence of the King and Queen.—But, gay and thoughtless, as might have been the beautiful and ill-fated *Maria Antoinette*, she kept at a proper distance the *female black-legs and the demi-reps of quality*, who had now flowed into that reservoir of vice, from every country in Europe.

Amongst those with whom Lady Belinda *Haut-ton*, had formed an acquaintance, was the celebrated *Countess D' la Motte*, of NECKLACE MEMORY; who, at the period we mention, kept a private faro-bank, in the *Rue St. Jaques.*—Here the fashionables of all nations, then at Paris, held nightly revels. Independent of gaming, they indulged in every species of profligate dissipation, for which the French capital was then so notorious, *and even* introduced such refinements in vice, as, on reflection, shock decency. This sort of *contraband* trade, continued, we may say, during the entire of the eventful reign of Louis XVI. and *Maria Antoinette;* and it was only the tempest of the Revolution itself, which dispersed Lady Belinda, and

her party; and forced them to seek safety in their native land. Lady Belinda was informed of the death of her husband, soon after her arrival in London; and having passed the season at Bath, this votary of fashion, found herself reduced to the utmost necessity, by her improvident profusion, and extravagance. Being related to the Duchess of——, she naturally applied to that lady for aid, which was promptly and kindly granted; a subscription was also set on foot, amongst the nobility, for the complete re-establishment of the fair adventurer.

Can it be insisted, that the cold inert thing called pity, had all the merit of the success that attended this scheme? Or should not far the greater part, if not the entire, be attributed, to love and gallantry? Lady Belinda's charms were now the theme of all circles; and the appeal of rank, fashion, and fascinating beauty in distress, is ever irresistible. Be the true cause what it may; the subscribers were countless! and the contributions incalculable! a result that never flows from barren pity, or ostentatious charity; and must be traced to

some more active masterspring of men's passions and bosoms.

Amongst the eager and liberal contributors, was the Marquis of Belmont; a Personage whose latitude of life was now, far on the remote side of the climacteric. Though old, he could on certain occasions, make great efforts of tenderness. Though the ice of Etna glistened on the hoary brow of the MOST NOBLE, he still retained a due portion of its fire in his heart and in his eye—the former quite flammable and fusible, would kindle or melt, as convenience may suit, at every soft emotion. Like the other sons of Adam, he had his faults: he had also his hobby; but "*de gustibus non disputandum.*" The propensity that seemed to outweigh all others with him, was that devoted leaning towards the fair sex, which he ever cherished. This was his favourite foible: and its influence still continued to operate on all his acts and feelings.

The amorous veteran was smitten at hearsay, with the charms of Lady Belinda; and

withheld his contribution till he should see the fair object, whose fame had now attained such boundless celebrity Her Ladyship was accordingly introduced, and the interview was very touching. It was also fatal to the MOST NOBLE; for in a few moments, Cupid, through a studied glance of Lady Belinda's practised eye, shot one of his brightest and keenest arrows into his sensitive heart, and the Noble Veteran fell prostrate, groaning for mercy, at the feet of Lady Belinda, who started up, and triumphantly exclaimed, "*veni, vidi, vici!*" The rest of the courtship was not tedious, it was soon consummated at the shrine of Hymen.

It is not within the pale of our purpose to inquire, why the MOST NOBLE had, some time previously, divorced a wife; neither do we pretend to pry so closely into family secrets; yet, this we surely know, that with her, he did not repudiate his admiration of the sex: but "every passion soon was over" with the Noble Marquis. Accordingly the honey-moon was short and stormy.

The story of this well-matched pair is brief

and obvious: he lost a wife and she a husband, both by ill treatment; and soon finding each other out, they seemed to enter into a compromise to act upon a principle of independence. Accordingly, having retired to the family seat in Ireland, they kept separate establishments. He had his *toad-eaters*, and mistresses—and she had her chaplains and physicians—neither party attempting to interfere with the arrangements of the other. Thus, matters went on for some years; until at length, age began to cure them both of the follies of youth. They sunk into the quiet repose of domestic gambling; and their princely Mansion, was the resort of all the *half-bred* fashionables of the day, who had money to lose at cards, and were content to get good living in return.

CHAPTER III.

——————— Come, Pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart·
O come! *Thomson,*

In the last Chapter, we mentioned the circumstances which attended our *real* heroine, and her friends, till the very eve of the Revolution. The events of that memorable æra, are too fresh and well known; and too faithfully recorded by numerous historians, to require any notice from our feeble pen. We have, therefore, only to pass them by, and advert to the period first mentioned in this work; namely, the retreat of *Napoleon* to Elba, and the short

reign of *Louis XVIII.* To notice the circumstances immediately connected with this, and the Emperor's unexpected return, with the most extraordinary of these wonderful events, which occurred during the reign of the "*Hundred Days,*" shall be our business. These have certainly furnished the historian, with materials of a much more interesting nature, than any other which compose the pages of European records, for the last thousand years. Philosophy has also a theme to reflect on; and Ambition its most awful and splendid lesson.

We mentioned in the commencement of these memoirs, the arrival of several persons of rank from England and Ireland, on the restoration of *Louis XVIII.* Amongst whom the *ci-devant* Lady Belinda *Haut-ton*, now *Marchioness of Belmont*, was one of the most distinguished. She was induced once more, to visit the French Metropolis; whither she went attended by her private establishment. Soon after her arrival, the Marchioness became acquainted with an *Italian lady*, of great accomplishments and

deep intrigue. We shall have occasion to mention this lady, more particularly hereafter, as it will appear, that on her charms hung ; in a great degree, *the fate of all Europe !*

Lady Belinda again led at Paris, all the gay scenes of fashionable life. Masquerades, Operas, Play-Houses, Public Gardens, and Country excursions, absorbed all the time of this heroine ; as long as her cash, and credit, held out : but, having met with a check in this respect, she was constrained to form a sort of partnership with the Countess of B——, an Irish Peeress of splendid fashion, and but tarnished character ; who at this time, had a magnificent hotel, in the *Rue de Richelieu ;* for the evident purpose of gambling and swindling the too credulous English ; who, on the ratification of peace, now resorted to this scene of dissipation, plunder, and *politesse.*

It is to be observed, that this Peeress had under her perilous protection, a most amiable and beautiful young lady, whose personal attractions, though unrivalled, were the least of her merits ; the dignity of her mind, and the

purity of her heart, were far more charming. She viewed with abhorrence the depravity of her patroness, and continued on the path of rectitude, unsullied, unsuspected, amid the multifarious scenes of fraud and profligacy, which she daily witnessed, so fatally practised, on all ages and sexes, in the immoral mansion of the Peeress.

This, was Miss B——, afterwards married to Dean A——, nephew of the Countess of B——, and brother to the late Lord C——.

It was on the eve of the festival of *Saint Michael*, or in other words, on the night of the 28th of September 1814, —— that there was an *Assemblée en Masque*, at the hotel of the Countess.

This entertainment, was given for the *Initiation* of the young and beautiful, *Lady Charlotte Beaufort*; the daughter of a deceased English Nobleman, who, *for some reasons of a private nature*, had been many years an exile from his country ; and *resided for a long time in America*.

Not to enter into particulars, we find Lady Charlotte Beaufort, at this time, arrived at the

age of twenty-six; her own mistress—rich, and accomplished—the envy of the women, and the admiration of the men,

> "She excited enquiry, wherever she appear'd;
> And the blear'd eye was spectacled to see her!"

She had, what might be called, a taste for freedom: and declared "*she would never marry*;" yet, was she still a slave to the feelings, and passions of the heart. Her imagination was rich and lively: her disposition kind and amiable; a sweet and tender sensibility peculiarly her own, reigned all through her character, and made her extremely interesting and endearing. In truth, Lady Charlotte was cast in nature's lovliest mould; her heart abounded with the noblest sentiments, and nothing rank or noxious lurked within the precincts of that pure and genial region. Who would not lay the wealth of the Arabs at the feet of such a Divinity!! Her matchless merits were indeed so singular and sublime, so far above the reach or competition of ordinary beings, as to exhibit to the general view, strong unequivocal shades of the romantic. In short, she was a very

eccentric being, who would have every man and woman, appear what they are—and, would have philosophers, or idiots, act for themselves, independent of control! on a principle, that imitation once abolished, genius would feel its superiority, and folly its insignificance. Then, and then only, would man, "*the noblest work of God*," find his proper level —for, if neither worldly views, contracted prejudices, or compulsive examples, swayed his better reason—wisdom, and experience, would teach him another lesson ; and impelled by truth alone, how excellent would he be!

Indeed, it is true ; the pitiful prevalence of general conformity, suppresses genius, and stifles originality. However, when we think less, and act more, we find the necessity of accommodating ourselves to received opinions ; and of pursuing quietly the path marked out : for, though the understanding be averse from fools—and our commerce with the world, provokes us to despise them—with respect to settled forms, and customs—the opposition of an individual to a community, is always dan-

gerous in the operation, and seldom successful in the event.

But, Lady Charlotte Beaufort, thought differently—and indeed, deviations from the common track, are generally pardonable—nay desirable in persons endowed with sublime and singular abilities; as the only means of observing those distinctions which providence imparts, by stamping the genius of each individual, with some peculiar and appropriate characteristic: for as the poet sings,

> "Common rules were ne'er design'd
> Directors of a noble mind! !"

But, whatever may be the apparent incongruities in Lady Charlotte's conduct, it is certain, as we before observed, and will be evinced in the conclusion; that in essentials, she was not only simply correct, and negatively laudable, but highly exemplary and amiable. But in the vicissitudes, however, of her private life, and the wayward destinies, which through that path awaited her, she stands unique; in that respect alone, she is without a parallel in the history of the sex. We shall not at present go

into any further developement ; than to acquaint the reader, that Lady Charlotte possessed wealth, affluence, freedom, and power. Might it not be safely concluded, that with all this, she could be happy ? But, alas ! it seemed as if a cruel and malignant fatality hung over her ; and it might be too truly said, that " few and evil were the days of her pilgrimage." However, the circumstances of her past life, remained a mystery, and were concealed deep in the recesses of her heart.

She was like a being of a superior order, enveloped in a cloud of mortality. In short, she was a *Unique* in the history of modern females. There was something of *fatality and mystery about her*, to which the following lines of Lord Byron, may not be deemed inapplicable :

——— ———" From my youth upwards
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes ;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine ;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger ; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me,
Was there but one who."——

She was, in the language of the same exquisite bard—

"——— A chief star!
Centre of many stars."

Thus lovely, distinguished by fortune—surrounded with splendour—and caressed by the world—if she tasted not human felicity, where was it to be found? But, alas! when peace within is wanting, we look for it in vain from without.

Strange, and perverse, was the fate of this extraordinary young woman. It is true, she had her *failings*, according to the curse of our fallen nature, which denies *perfection*—yet, as Epictatus said of virtue; "if she could be seen in her own dress, the whole world would be enamoured of her."

Certainly, Lady Charlotte Beaufort, united in herself, the combination of many qualities, almost opposite to each other. She had much gaiety in her mind; nevertheless, had been the secret victim of a long, and profound melancholy. With a great deal of fire, and imagina-

tion, she was easily animated ; and felt in a lively manner, what was worthy to be felt. In short, she felt every thing, and forgot everything successively ; and could pass in a single instant, from reserve, and seriousness ; to apparent gaiety of heart, and vivacity of conversation. But, this power deceived even herself : for, it is difficult, sometimes, to understand our own true characters ; and the mysteries of the human heart, who can know ?

She was, indeed, a strange mixture. Susceptible of passion, of remorse, of enthusiasm, and of timidity ; her peculiar feelings, always presented objects in a confused point of view to her mind ; and the contrarieties in her disposition, never permitted her to know herself, till events decided the struggle that agitated her. Not to develope further, in this faint outline ; Lady Charlotte Beaufort, with all the capabilities to form a strong character ; was uncertain, and feeble in some things : and this arose, more from the extreme delicacy of her ideas, than from any want of mental energy. However, be it understood, her conscience was

troubled; but it was more on account of *accidental error, than of moral evil.* But, though the curse of original sin was over her, as a daughter of Eve—she had long ceased to justify her own misdeeds: and unable to bear reflection, plunged into the tumultuous illusions of the world; that she might if possible, forget herself. And now, running her wild career, behold her! as a woman of high birth, and singular character; brought into what are called the first circles; where she was the object of all that attention, and admiration, due to rank; beauty, and fortune. In the next chapter, we shall enter more particularly into her eccentricities.

CHAPTER IV.

Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy ! this group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise,
As yet unforfeit ! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies ; as all
We guess of heaven : and these were all her own ;
And she was mine ; and I was---was ! most blest,
Gay title of the deepest misery ! *Young*.

Lady Charlotte Beaufort, came to Paris, in the autumn of 1814.—She was under the auspices of their Excellencies, a British embassador, and his lady ; to whom she was nearly related ; and passed much of her time with them, at their grand hotel, in the *Rue d'Artois ;* but, had an establishment of her own, in the *Rue St. Honorè*.—Her beauty, and accomplishments; as well as the eccentric brilliancy of her character, were the theme of universal admiration ; there were neither eyes nor ears for any other subject : She was called *une femme d'Esprit, la*

belle d'Anglaise; and the Countess of B——, seeing her account, in the addition to her *set*, of a rich heiress, whom it was the fashion to admire; having paid the usual formalities of respect, on the occasion; gave, as before mentioned, a splendid *feté*, to entertain her.

This grand *feté* consisted of an assembly *en masqué;* five hundred tickets were issued, and every preparation was made in the most splendid style. The decorations of the hotel, were what the French call *au dernier goût.*

To the capacious suit of rooms, thrown open; was added a delightful promenade, formed by the covering-in of a terrace, on the north side of the house; at one end of which was stationed a military band: and at the other, a company of Swiss Pandeans. There was also an agreeable retreat beneath, formed by a row of marquees, which covered a considerable space of the extensive range of gardens; and were very tastefully illuminated by coloured lamps, hung with ever-greens, and interspersed with transparencies.—These were called pavilions. The

supper-rooms were peculiarly splendid ; and the tables were covered with every thing that was rare, costly, and luxurious.

There were no less than four-rooms, on the first floor, set apart for the dancers : which were tastefully chalked, by an eminent artist. The principal ball-room, might be styled one brilliant display of light, principally produced from a magnificent lustre, which hung in the centre of the room, suspended from a beautifully varigated centre-piece.

The windows, and other recesses of the rooms, were decorated with the most rare, and fragrant plants in full bloom; and the staircase, had the effect of an ascending illuminated grove ; the walls being covered with evergreens, laurels, hollies, and exotic plants in wreaths, as emblematic of the season of the year.

The entertainment of the evening commenced about eight o'clock ; and soon after nine, every room was occupied ; the crowd of masks were dispersed through the various apartments ; and

the splendid costumes, gave additional lustre to the illuminated gardens.

Dominos, and fancy dresses, as usual, at such meetings, were by far the most conspicuous in number. The rest of the male characters, were principally, dancers, devils, priests, conjurers, harlequins, clowns, mock-doctors, petit mâitres, &c.—and the ladies, goddesses, shepherdesses, witches, flower-girls, and sultanas.

Lady Charlotte Beaufort, had just now entered the principal reception room; accompanied by a party of French, and English nobility. She wore no mask, and was dressed in a white domino: *the emblem of purity.**

Her youth and loveliness, rendered her an object of universal attention. A burst of admiration was heard, and encomiums on her beauty, were uttered in accents of rapture, from every

* It is customary in France, to go to private fancy balls, without masks,† and, at all events, *purity* should be without any.

† It is to be observed, that the populace in France, never interrupt any amusement, public or private; nor suffer curiosity to supersede their natural politeness, especially towards females.

side. There was nothing, however, singular or pointed, in these passing compliments ; and soon familiarized to the abruptness with which the masks approached, or addressed her ; the first embarassment subsided ; and while she stood observing the novelty of the scene, joined to the air of gaity, diffused throughout the company ; her expectations of entertainment, were not only fulfilled, but surpassed.

The variety of dresses—the ludicrous mixture of groupes—the quick succession of figures —and the medley of characters ; also, the would-be wits ; with the total neglect of consistency in some, and the ridiculous language of others —all ! all ! incitements to surprise, and diversion, were, to her lively imagination, additional subjects of amusement.

In the midst of the variety of characters, supported at this grand entertainment ; Miss B———, the young lady, before noticed, as the *ward* of the Irish Countess, appeared as the *Priestess of Delphi*.—She was in the habit of her order ; her feet barely defended by her braided sandals ; her drapery was flowing, and

her arms bare. Her black hair, crowned with the laurel of the Delphic God, hung loosely and ornamentally over her shoulders. As she approached, with hasty step, she uttered the following incantation, addressed to the spirits of the night;

Nymphs of darkness! haste to me,
'Till I captive make the free:
Come ye ministers of ill,
Act obedient to my will!
Give me power to triumph now,
And to you I'll ever bow.

The Sibyl paused—and the sound of a trumpet, issuing from without, seeming to bid the mind prepare for a something *more than common*! a strange—a terrific, an extraordinary looking figure, came forward.

He was dressed in a *black domino*, richly ornamented with stars. It was *emblematic of Night*.—A black helmet, with a plume of white feathers, covered his head.—On the front of the helmet, in golden letters, was embossed the word:

LA VÉRITÉ!

He had a *speaking trumpet*, in his left hand; and carried a *mirror* in his right.

This formidable figure, arrested the attention of the whole company. His mind seemed crowded with thoughts; and he sighed so deeply, that Lady Chorlotte, struck with the tone of sensibility, started.

He could not avoid noticing her emotion, and looking at her, *as if he had not seen her for the first time;* withdrew behind a pillar, which formed part of a saloon; against which he leaned his head, and for a while, seemed absorbed in listening to, more than viewing, the passing scene.

Lady Charlotte, was now completely encircled by a group of masks, with the ITALIAN LADY, before mentioned; and the *ci-devant* Lady Belinda *Haut-ton*, dressed as rival sultanas.

At that moment, the speaking-trumpet, called forth attention; and the figure of *Truth*,

"Holding the mirror up to Nature."

broke out into an apostrophe, on the corruptions

of the times; exhibiting the errors of the heart, in language at once familiar, and forcible. He concluded in the following remarkable words:

"Man was created perfect, but woman's wiles, procured his degradation!——Now, in retaliation, man makes war on woman; and she, too weak to resist, renounces shame, and imitates his vices!"

Too much astonished for speech, every body stared. The vehement and wild grandeur, of the speaker, was imposing.—He waved his hand; and, as it were, expressing something beyond command! sternly passed out, and disappeared.

This was more than burlesque; and Lady Charlotte, always impressed by any thing strange, or uncommon; found all her blood in motion: it rushed through her veins; it beat in her heart; it throbbed in her temples; it burnt in her cheeks.

A tablet of unutterable thoughts, might be discerned in her changing countenance; and all in confusion, she was for a while, lost in a sort of enthusiasm, infused into her by heaven itself!

and it was this enthusiasm in all she believed, and felt; that made her what she was!——It made her rise from sorrow, like the sun from a cloud; brighter and with more ardent beams. It brightened in her eyes, that threw a divine lustre over her; and made all dream of love and happiness, who looked upon her.

Subdued and silent, she put her hand to her forehead; and a thousand occurrences, past, present, and to come, (for anticipation drew on futurity) in tumultuous array, flashed on her disturbed imagination!!

She had withdrawn to a window, in a recess, at the further end of the adjoining gallery. How the time past, she knew not; but at length, raising her drooping and thoughtful countenance to heaven, a rapturous presentiment of futurity, as if celestially communicated, seemed to inspire her with a divine ecstacy; and to open to her view that world of bliss, which she ever made the end and aim of all her hopes, her deeds, and sacrifices; "Where alone there is fulness of joy, and pleasures evermore!" At that instant, the distant sound of a harp, and other

instruments, from the garden, drew her attention. She felt a sweet emotion, and without waiting for her party, went forward, attracted by the music.

As she walked through the illuminated arcades, which led from the great hall, into the gardens; Lady Charlotte heard the sound of her own name, accompanied with an apostrophe, low and gently breathed. The voice proceeded from the quarter, whither she was going; and with fervor, uttered these words:

"Defend her, great God! from the consequences of these hours of revelry—as well as the events, which now threaten my ill-fated country. Deliver her, O, Father of mercy! from all the devices of the wicked.—Guard her by day, and by night; and above all preserve her innocence!"

The voice faltered, and a figure which had been hidden in a dark passage, stepping from the secrecy which involved him, suddenly glided by.

Lady Charlotte, was not more astonished at the words, than at hearing a stranger, in that place, addressing heaven in her behalf!—There

was a something in the prayer itself, that told it sprang from a heart, more than commonly interested in its object; and every word, so eloquently breathed the feelings of the soul, and the hallowed purpose of its petitions ; that our heroine, drawn by the sympathy which ever attracts kindred spirits, did not hesitate to follow the *Incognito*. He immediately struck into a dark shrubbery, and was out of sight, in a moment.

This walk, led by a winding circuitous path, to a thick grove, in the centre of the garden; which was brilliantly lighted up. Lady Charlotte, was altogether like a person wrapt in visions: all seemed so strange, wonderful, and supernatural! terror and wonder, totally subdued her: and she proceeded insensibly through various mazes and windings, till, at length, she found herself in the centre of the illuminated grove.

A heavy dew was falling, such as frequently occurs in autumnal evenings, in France; and the company, to avoid it, were crowding into the different *Pavilions*.

CHAPTER V.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls!
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Shakspear.

Our heroine, had seated herself upon one of the benches in the garden; and was musing on the invocation of the *Incognito*. The glance she had of him, though transient, made a deep and indelible impression; the matchless graces of his figure—the noble spirit, that animated his every word, and deed—the sweet and solemn

serenity, shed around him; all tended to inspire veneration and awe ; and to display a soul far above the ordinary rank, wrapt in subl imemeditations : her conscious and sensitive heart, at once, recognized the celestial character of truth; though shrouded in the shades of night, by the black domino.

That images so imposing, should thus unite ! That, in one mortal bosom, should apparently be mingled all the virtues, with which heaven, she believed, had enriched the spirit of *Truth itself;* struck her with overwhelming amazement.—In short, ever enamoured of *Truth*, the refined taste, genius, and talent; displayed by the *Incognito*, in the very choice of such a character; created a sentiment, which now seemed to have placed a new principle of being within her :—at the very time too, that her heart told her, in language she could not misunderstand; that she loved—irrevocably loved, *a child of misfortune !* and powerfully denounced to her, that this love was *now* hopeless—and that, she had devoted herself to one who must ever be to her, as a being of fancy, more than reality.

While she checked the emotion, that would have flowed from her eyes; thus did she muse: —" Eternal remembrance of my early days!— *Son of France!** My affianced, and destined husband! Where are those hours of love, and happiness; when in the purest confidence, we sat together; and talked of years of hope, and joy to come?—Gone! gone for ever! Oh!" cried she, in an agony of reflection; " Companion of my youth, friend of my heart, and partner of my soul! nay, *mine in the face of heaven!* but lost through" * * * * * Her tongue faltered, utterance ceased; despair and agitation, were now the only inmates of her perturbed bosom: nothing could afford her comfort, or consolation. Every object, every sound, every thought, seemed but to aggravate her distress, and refresh her sorrow! then, rushing from the joyous bustle within hearing, till the sound died in the distance: she hurried

* The reader may not be aware, that all the branches of the Royal family of Bourbon, were designated *Sons of France.* – During the Revolution, this term became the birth-right of every Frenchman, who was *un Enfant de la patrie.*

rapidly along, as if to fly even her *own presence;* and be, for once, delivered from those racking recollections, that constantly haunted her imagination.—But cruel, and ever restless memory, inseparable as her shadow, pursued her every pace; forbidding all relief, or mitigation! Long, and agonizing was the interval she now suffered!

Though the place was dedicated to joy, and pleasure. Though dazzled by the blaze which the brilliancy before her, displayed—she started with wild horror! and full of distracting thoughts; her eye turned from the glare of the lamps; to the blue and breezeless sky, seen in the full glory of moonlight!

At this moment, as if by Divine ordinance, a thin wreath of sparkling clouds, seemed to crown the queen of night. An indefinable aspect was presented to the view, as if the heavens possessed a real and sensible physiognomy; exhibiting to the astonished observer, something inauspicious in the ætherial phœnomenon, frowning on the whole face of Nature!

However, nothing could be more beautiful

than the arrangement, here. Flowers, which are the greatest, because the simplest, ornaments of nature, covered the ground; the air itself was balsamic; and the night was so mild, it created a sort of attraction, in the softness of the atmosphere: coloured lamps, pendant from the branches of the trees, illuminated the scenery around; and to heighten the fairy effect of the groves, a fine transparency, hung in the centre of one of the walks.

The subject was taken from *Homer*, representing *Achilles*, in the act of throwing a lance, with the motto:

"It wounds to heal again."

The soft, yet, brilliant design, had *a most* beautiful effect, thrown on the *classic* light of the lamps: the flowers, and foliage, that clustered about the marble pillars, which supported it; formed a kind of shadowy repose—like that communicated by a cloud, when it is about to envelope the brightness of a meteor.

In those pictures, formed to produce an immediate effect, the first view is always the most

striking ; and Lady Charlotte, in looking at this piece, felt particularly impressed by the words underneath. An association of ideas, rushed on her mind ; and threw her into a train of contemplation, and reflection. She paused for awhile—then, suddenly raising her eyes, sparkling with fresh animation ; she once more, read the motto ; and at that instant, a voice, stern, impressive, and awful, pronounced the following warning :—

" Lean not on earth! 'twill pierce thee to the heart,
" A broken reed at best, and oft a spear,
" On whose sharp point, peace bleeds, and hope expires."

These lines of Doctor Young, were delivered in pure English, with a foreign accent ; and Lady Charlotte, perceived it was the *black domino*. A strange emotion, awoke in her breast ; which indescribably agitated, and alarmed her : she retreated a few steps, but still the figure advanced towards her ; and resuming his prophetic address, in French, which was his native language, spoke to this effect :—

" Lady, beware ! danger is near ! Treachery

is leagued with vice. Seduction lurks around you! Fly! fly! this path of perdition! Return to your God, and to your country! for, nothing less can save you."

"Good heaven!" said she, labouring under a powerful impression—"methinks, I know that voice. The kindness of its expression, seems to proclaim the speaker, to be in reality my friend."

The *star-clad personage*, sighed profoundly. —He even groaned, and breathing inwardly, a sentiment that lay too deep for utterance: his bosom heaved—his lips moved—and advancing a step nearer, so as to come full front of her; he exclaimed, "*listen to the voice of Truth!*"

* * * * * * * *

His eyes were fixed upon her—his arms, were extended towards heaven—and in anguish of spirit, a few incoherent words, broke from his lips.—He seemed to soften into tears; and turning aside, in a reproachful tone, added, "*O, woman, woman!*" He looked at her, again; and, lost in the wildness of imagination, darted forward, as if to rush into her embrace.—But,

recovering himself, as from a confused dream; hurried abruptly into a dark labyrinth,

> Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,
> Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along,
> And voices more than human, thro' the void
> Deep-sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear!
>
> *Thomson.*

Lady Charlotte, was motionless.—Thoughts sweet, and bitter—the thoughts of "*other days*," awoke in her heart, the buried slumbers of memory; and her senses seemed to blaze.*** The words of *Truth*, pierced her ear like a voice from heaven; and remembrance inflicts deeper wounds, than the dagger's point.

She gasped for breath, and a mist passed over her sight, which for a while, seemed to wrap all her senses in a trance. Absorbed in the idea of one she loved—a wild delirious thrill of real transport, rushed through her veins.—But, in the next instant, other thoughts, struck like a *spell*, on her gathering recollections; and a weight of self-reproach, and anguish, pressing on her heart, she asked herself, "*What had she to do with happiness!*"

As she spoke, she hung down her head, all subdued; and, feeling that it was impossible to resist what was passing within her, vented her agony in a flood of tears.

At that moment, a sigh was breathed near her! She cast her eyes around with an undefinable expression; and again, the figure of *Truth!* stood before her.

He had been secretly observing her, for some time, although she was unconscious of a spectator; in a word, he was the sole, and perhaps, the proper witness of her feelings now: he kept his eyes in a fixed gaze upon her; and with his hand elevated towards the sky; seemed to express his feelings in those beautiful, and affecting words,

> "'Tis soft to lean on heaven! to lean on him,
> On whom Arch-angels lean!"

He spoke in the accents of tenderness and affliction; and after a pause of feeling, yielding to a sudden impulse, was going to unfold himself, at once; but interrupted by the sound of

mingling voices, he wrapped his face in his mantle ; and delivered extempore these lines :

From the flutt'ring crowd retired,
Truth! a moment held *His* reign,
In that moment—awe-inspired,
Pleasure, gave herself to Pain!

While the heart, by doubt encumber'd,
Anxious sigh'd—to find relief,
Finding none, with cares unnumber'd,
Gave itself a prey to grief.

In this interval of madness,
Folly came, with double force—
Joy, usurped the place of sadness,
Truth, was driven from *His* course.

CHAPTER VI.

Haud quid sit scio
Sed grande quiddam est.
Senec. Thyest. A. 2.

What it is I know not - - - -
But something terrible it is.
See Beauties of Shakspear Vol. II. p. 123.

Lady Charlotte's party, who had been seeking her, now approached: they hurried towards her, but perceiving the *black domino*—every eye turned involuntarily, on that extraordinary figure.

He appeared to be of that order of mortals, who conversant, as we are told, with the occult sciences; can penetrate through the countenance, the inmost thoughts of the heart, The subdued spirit of an inward heaven, was his!

and he felt that, "though knowledge is power, *it is not happiness!*"

Suddenly, the awful figure, unveiled his *dusky* aspect. An eye-ball, like living fire, met the sight. —He raised the helmet, from his head; and on his forehead there appeared a *blood-red cross.**

The figure groaned, or muttered, as it were, some terrible burst of passion. The vivid lightning in his eye, flashed a dreadful something not to be explained. He looked fixedly, and fearfully, on all; and pointing to the *blood-red cross*, before mentioned, said aloud,

"The messenger of heaven, can speak no language but that of *Truth.****Lady Charlotte, met the fixed gaze of the *Incognito;* and certain remembrances of what she had heard, and read of futurity; struck into her soul an awful sensation.

For guilt no plea—to pain no pause—no bound—
Inexorable all—and all extreme!
Young.

* The Knights of the Red-Cross, though they possess secrets not generally known, feel no hesitation in displaying the emblem, the symbol of the Christian faith.

At this instant, a grand exhibition of fire works, took place in the garden; the effect was enchanting—a magical illusion overspread the scene, and astonished the senses. It was a continued succession of every grade, alternately from one extreme to the other—from the brilliant blaze that displayed the boundless horizon, to the inpenetrable gloom, that involved Nature in Cimerian darkness. Such a display, and so appropriately contrived, was, in the highest degree, calculated to inspire the human mind with the most serious, and interesting reflections. It suggests to us, that from the most towering splendor, we may fall from stage, to stage, if not precipitately, to the lowest pitch of misery, and obscurity: or, from humility, soar to rank and dignity. The influence of Prudence, and Integrity; and their contraries, in producing these opposite results, is no mystery.

The walks were now full; and some of the company, invited by the splendor of the scene, wandered in groups into the remoter parts of the gardens.

Miss B———, came on again, as the *Priestess of Delphi.* She stopped short, here; as if seized with a fit of enthusiastic inspiration: her whole attention, was evidently directed towards the *black domino;* and whirling round, as a necessary operation in magical mysteries—broke out into the following rhapsody:

From a source, to all unknown,
France again shall find a Son!
When the lawful heir, we see
Held in close captivity:
But the day, anon, shall come,
Which shall bring the *Stranger*, home!

This prophetic rhapsody, was interupted by a procession of nuns, led by the *ci-devant* Lady Belinda *Haut-ton*, Marchioness of Belmont; who had changed her attire of pomp, and vanity, for one of piety, and mortification. She was now a Prioress, and leaning on the arm of the fair Italian, who was one of the *Vestals;* they both seated themselves in front of the sibyl. But spying the *black domino*, they affected alarm; and in mock heroics, began to invoke the saints. They were proceeding in this strain of

profane burlesque, when *Truth* again presented himself: he stood erect, in vindictive majesty, before them; and with his trumpet in his hand, sounded the dreadful denunciation of offended morality. Which acted like a thunderbolt, on the ears of the present assemblage of *thoughtless fashionables*.

This is just, and necessary; and appears to be the divine provision of the Supreme *Will*, for the benefit of his frail, and feeble, creatures; and their preservation in innocence, and rectitude; that when vice prevails, and infamy is courted; Truth, and Reproof, should stand in the breach, in vindication of violated morality. However, at this juncture, Truth, like his sister, Astrea, in days of yore, departed for a season, to his kindred heaven. He disappeared —his trumpet no longer sounded; his rebuke no longer awful! And now the daring character, and native grandeur of the figure—the recollected majesty, the profound gloom, and powers of this person; caused a new, and strange sensation; which was increased to no small degree, by finding, that every female in the

assembly, who displayed a *naked bosom*, had the mark—impressed, as if by magic—of a *fig leaf*—with the word, *honte!* immediately under it. There was much ingenuity, in the manner in which it was done.—In short, it was an exhibition of *experimental philosophy*, well calculated to answer the intended purpose.

CHAPTER VII.

Magnum est quodcunque paravi:
Quid sit adhuc dubito.
Ovid, Met. 6.

'Tis something great I've inly meditated
What it is, yet I'm doubtful.
See Beauties of Shakspear, Vol. II. p. 123.

A few nights after the assembly *en masque*, Lady Charlotte Beaufort, attended a *faro-table*, at the hotel of the Countess of B———, which was the general resort of males, and females of the *Ton;* where she was stripped of a considerable sum of money.

Whoever has been at Paris, during the period of which we are writing; must, if at all introduced into what is called polite society, have been at the *Salons:* the rooms, superb—the entertainments various. *La Bal*, is not the least distin-

guished.—Waltzes, gambling, and every species of dissipation, are encouraged to the extreme.—The company are admitted by tickets, which are *paid* for. The players, male, and female, have a language, which is well understood among themselves; and through which, strangers are sure to be ruined, if they venture to play at all.—The *English*, are generally the dupes and victims. Many are ruined, every season!

To one of these *assembleés*, our heroine, Lady Charlotte, went; accompanied by the Countess of B———, the English Marchioness, and the *Italian lady*, on the night after her last ill-luck. There were crowds of beautiful women, glittering in diamonds; and dashing beaus, dressed in the *acmé* of the *haut-ton*.

Lady Charlotte Beaufort, joined *Madame la Baronne de*———— in a risk, *a la masse*, against the *lady-banker;* and was stripped of every *Napoleon*, by the simple intervention of a *cough;* which directed the proceedings of the adversary, with such a degree of certainty, as to insure success. At this moment of disaster, a

stranger, in the uniform of a general officer, entered the room.—He had a green-shade over his eyes.—His figure was noble; and a *star* upon his breast, marked him as a person of distinction.****He approached the table—challenged the bank—was accepted—won—swept into his *chapeau* £10,000, in cash, and bank-notes; and turning on his heel, left the astonished company, without further ceremony!

The stranger, seemed to have eased the party of the power of utterance, as well, as of their cash; all were dumb; sorrow, and astonishment, engrossed every faculty; *Vox faucibus hæsit!* Some of the fleeced *chevaliers*, raised their hands to their *moustaches*, which they plucked most unmercifully. They gnashed their teeth, stamped the floor, and took snuff: all to no purpose; the stiletto, would seem to be a more welcome, as a more effectual, relief!

Hereupon, a fine, tall, brown, French woman, *of a certain age*, mistress of the ceremonies, darted a pair of piercing black eyes at *Madame la Baronne*; and in a paroxysm of rage, screamed a short, and pithy ejaculation, that strongly sa-

voured of a curse ! She once more eyed *Madame*, with expressions quite peculiar, and indicative of those feelings, that inwardly racked her ; and then, with apparent calmness, sunk down on one of the ottomans, beside a German of Herculean frame and texture, whom she addressed, "*Mon Capitaine.*" She spoke to him in gentle, and earnest, accents ; and pointing to the door, requested he would pursue the *stranger.* The German stood up : he stopped, and shrugged, and strutted ; and pretended not to understand her.—She spoke a few words—very low, and in a tone, at once, charming, tender, and persuasive. The brawny German blushed ; and with difficulty, stammered out, "*pardon Madame.*" He then hurried on to the folding doors, at the other end of the *Salon ;* where he stopped.—The company now, conversing in *whispers*, were assembled in groups.—— * * * * Some promenaded, and several *Gallants*, pushing forward, as if going in pursuit of the *Stranger ;* but stopping short, as the *German* did :—the general exclamation was, "*le diable,*" "*le dia-*

*ble!"** accompanied with all those *nods and becks*, and shrugs, and elevation of the eye-brows, and depression of the lips, which give to these exclamations, such a volume of meaning.† The interpretation, was received, as genuine, and undoubted: hands were raised in astonishment, handkerchiefs were displayed, *en bien fâché*—and even tears of real grief, and unaffected fits of hysterics, were exhibited; after which, *sans badinage*, refreshments were served to restore tranquillity.

It is to be observed, that the *ci-devant* Lady Belinda *Haut-ton*, now Marchioness of Bel-

* The *Devil*, in French, is a very comprehensive term. It expresses confusion, dismay, disappointment, chagrin, rage, despair, &c. But, on the present occasion, it was taken in the *literal sense*; as the company really imagined, the fortunate adventurer, was no less a personage, than the *old gentleman* himself.

† That this proceeds from a great deficiency in the French language, must be obvious. Ask a Frenchman a question which he does not understand— he will never confess himself ignorant of the subject—but answer with such a mixture of gesticulation, that you are equally puzzled with himself. A nod, is yes—a shake of the head, no—and to make a finish, *je vous intend*, answers all the ordinary purposes of discussion.

mont, was a principal character in the scene. She had withdrawn with the Irish peeress, to a recess, where they entered into conversation, on what appeared so very extraordinary. Raging inwardly, though affecting a degree of decorum, the *Marchioness* declared, "it was shocking, to be plundered in *such an unfair manner:*" that, "it had all the appearance of the *black art!* and ought to be exposed." But, recollecting herself a little, she stopped a moment; then, losing all command of temper; with an *oath on the tip of her tongue*, which half escaped her! added, that, "the lucky adventurer, was in person, like the *black domino!*" which was really the case.

At the conclusion of this speech, the *fair Italian, Signora Clementini di Milan;* who had been led out to the *salon de danse*, by a gay young Marquis, now returned to her party. *Madame la baronne de———*, stretching out her hand, to the fascinating *Signora*, affected to smile; but tears started from her eyes, and the matter was soon understood! *Helas!* cried the *sweet-toned Italian.*

The company now, as if tired of themselves, and each other; separated for the remainder of the morning.—This is a specimen of "*life in Paris.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

How sad a sight is human happiness
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour?
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Would'st thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou would'st; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.

Young.

When Lady Charlotte, entered her hotel; in visible agitation, hurrying to her chamber; she dismissed her attendant. The scene, she had just witnessed, was still present to her imagination; and strange ideas, were afloat in her mind. * * * * Since the night of the masked ball, the *black domino*, was seldom absent from her thoughts; and now recurring to the friendly admonition of the *monitor*, a stroke

like that of electricity, shot through her brain. **** She felt her error, in all its force; and the friendly counsellor, stood, as it were, again before her. We have said, that the *fortunate adventurer*, at the faro-table; was, in person, like the *black domino:* the resemblance was striking, and it particularly struck Lady Charlotte, at this time. Also, his commanding appearance, and the air of dignity, exhibited on the occasion; seemed to have suggested something abstract—undefinable, which fancy alone likes to dream of: intermixed with an idea, both of real, and disembodied, existence; involving, at once, the living, and the dead; and, as if intended to interpret to one, the language of the other!

Such phantoms are of speedy conjuration; and a confused sense of what she *once was*, flashed upon her mind!**** She was *conscience-struck:*—hot, and cold, damps, burst from every pore of her body; and throwing open the window for air, the word, '*pray!*' was then distinctly pronounced by a deep, and hollow-toned, voice, issuing, as it seemed, from beneath the

spot on which she stood! She was again called upon to "*pray*"—"on her bended knees to pray!—for the blessing, and protection of heaven." Lady Charlotte, did pray—and none ever prayed more devoutly.

She had just risen from her knees, when a *mysterious stranger*, knocked at the door of her hotel; and on delivering a small packet, sealed with the *royal arms of France*—which was directed for "*Lady Charlotte Beaufort*"—without speaking, a word, instantly took his departure!

The packet was, immediately, taken up to her Ladyship, by one of her attendants. Her spirits, were now in a sensitive state; and yielding to the first impulse, she hastily broke the wax.

The envelope, contained a check upon a banker, for the exact sum, which had been won from the *gamesters;* and, which had been, at different times, purloined from our heroine.—On a slip of paper, was written, in large characters,

"DEEDS, NOT WORDS!"

Accompanied, in a neat, foreign, hand, by the following,

ODE TO POVERTY,

FIRST STROPHE.

Hence, ruthless tyrant! take thy flight!
No more, o'er me exert thy lawless sway:
No more, to darkness turn my day—
No more, eclipse my sunshine with thy night.

ANTISTROPHE.

Cold-shivering, while the furious blast
Of boist'rous Boreas, o'er me swept—
Naked, and hungry, have I wept,
And, with impatience, view'd the rich repast!

EPODE.

And, while the thankless sons of riot feast,
Where vast profusion crowds the splendid board—
Oft-times, have *I*, that fate deplored,
Which had to *me* denied, the blessings which they waste.

SECOND STROPHE.

Yet, Poverty, with firmness, arms the soul,
Which, formed by Patience, every ill can bear—
It drops a balm into affliction's bowl,
And, from the mind, it chases fell despair.

SECOND ANTISTROPHE.

Yes, and tho' fools of fortune! may despise
Merit, too oft, in poverty array'd,
And, from distressful Virtue, turn their eyes—
Yet, seldom are the wise, by tyrant custom swayed:

SECOND EPODE.

Fortune, or its reverse, they know may rise
From causes trivial, as the turn of chance,
To crush to earth, or raise us to the skies—
Our efforts to retard, or fondest hopes advance!

CHAPTER IX.

I wake : how happy they, who wake no more !
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost :
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
A bitter change !) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress : and night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine, to the colour of my fate. *Young.*

Lady Charlotte, knew the hand writing—at the first glance ; surprise, and confusion, seized her—she stood a while in a state of utter insensibility—some mysterious consciousness, completely subdued her; and she dropped down, mute, and motionless, as marble.

Fortunately, her attendants were at hand ; all possible aid was administered; nevertheless, her paroxysms, at short intervals, were long,

and violent. At length, having recovered a little composure, she appeared quite *non compos ;* she could neither connect ideas, nor articulate terms, all was inconsistent—incoherent —she was evidently the prey of some secret affliction, inscrutible to all around her, and which seriously affected her intellect.

Having obtained some respite, from the anguish, that so violently disturbed her imagination ; she seemed absorbed in some secret meditations ; then, suddenly falling on her knees, and bursting into sobs, and cries, of sorrow, and despair ; she uttered many bitter ejaculations, of self-reproach ; and through the wild strain, in which she now indulged, spoke much of, slighted love, broken vows, and unfeeling hearts ; and, in a fit of distraction, drew from her bosom, the portrait of a young man, set in diamonds ; and surmounted by a REGAL CROWN. The word, *La Vérité*, in gold relief, was immediately over it. This picture had been, for several years, worn by her ladyship ; but always carefully concealed, and borne next her heart. It was like a relic of fallen royalty.

The countenance was turned to melancholy, and dejection; but still retaining, a strong expression of that serene, and dignified, fortitude, that mocks the malignity of Fortune. In short, whoever beheld Lady Charlotte, at that instant; must have known, that this mystery contained the grand secret of her life. Her looks—her trembling hand,—her voice, by turns solemn, and agitated; all, announced one of those terrible moments, when destiny takes possession of us; and the unhappy being, no longer appears to act, but as the slave of fatality.***** She was in a fearful abstraction! and after a long silence, looking again at the *picture*—"Ah!" cried she, "why was I selected for this cruel sacrifice: *the sacrifice of the heart that loved me!* But, I followed my fate! Yes, Yes!" continued she, with tones, and gestures, that bespoke a mind subdued by phrensy, and despair—"*Yes! slighted, though loved! forsaken, though adored!* Oh, cruel and capricious destiny!

* * * * * * * * *

To understand all this, was impossible;

however, it was evident, that circumstances of a deep, and inexplicable, nature, preyed on her mind.

Her distress was now at its height; she became incapable of all emotion—the relief of a tear was denied her, as if the heart had ceased to feel, and the springs of sorrow and sensibility were exhausted. As dreaming, though awake, she spoke not a word! her hands bore the burning symptoms of fever, and her temples throbbed with the same portentous indication; added to which her shivering frame, and the piteous heaving of her bosom in convulsive agitation; gave full conviction, that, the malady of this interesting young woman, was a nervous affection, brought on by some mental conflict.

It was, indeed, a deep-seated malady, which no Æsculapian skill could reach. The heart seemed broken—nothing could rouse her, and she lay in a sort of stupor for weeks. The most eminent of the faculty attended her; but it being reported that her fever was contagious, her *sunshine friends*, and fashionable acquaintances, left her to her fate.

Meanwhile, some strange, and doubtful rumours, were in circulation, concerning Lady Charlotte; who it was said, "had been inveigled into a private marriage, with a soldier of fortune: *the object of her first, and early love.* —But, that her Ladyship, being finally overruled, by an arbitrary father, the contract was disallowed by him." Many vague conjectures were afloat, respecting the character, and pretensions, of this nominal husband:—however, he too, was involved in mystery; and although, it seems, he boasted of having *royal blood* in his veins, and had his *partisans;* the general opinion entertained of him, was that, he was a mere adventurer.

It appears, that on the night of the assembly *en masque*, at the hotel of the Countess of B——, the singular behaviour, aud language of the *black domino;* had given rise to various strange ideas, and surmises, on this head; and the more so, as it was evident, that Lady Charlotte, was the object of his pursuit. Her own conduct, greatly contributed to increase suspicion; and it will be recollected, that Miss

B———, when in the garden, took occasion to address some very pointed, and prophetic lines, to that *unknown* personage. But here, for the present, we drop the veil, over this *mysterious person ;* whose secret history, when brought to light, may perhaps, astonish all Europe!

During this eventful crisis, in the life, and affairs, of our heroine ; a solitary being, enveloped in a long, dark, cloak, generally made his appearance, about twelve o'clock at night, near the door of her hotel. Always, apparently, absorbed in contemplation ; sometimes, as if his mind were tortured by a multitude of conflicting sensations, he wrapped his head in his mantle, and gave way to bursts of sorrow.*** He was like a perturbed spirit, wandering from place to place. Yet, true as the needle to the Polar star, he kept a steady eye on the mansion of her ladyship.

It was approaching Christmas, on a Sunday night ; for the new order of things, had restored *le dimanche.* The world, seemed hushed—going on, as it were, to the Sabbath of eternal rest! and the mind was filled, with solemnity

and awe. When darkness increased—overspread the earth with her sable mantle—put every object out of view—cancelled all distinction, and left the senses in a state of suspense and abeyance; then imagination, unshackled, roamed abroad, traversing unknown regions, and forming those unreal fancies, on which it sometimes loves to dwell. At this still and silent period, the *mysterious Personage*, was observed to advance, from behind one of the pillars of the colonnade, which formed the front of the *Palais Royale*, and run precipitately along the *Rue St. Honorè*, till arriving before a large and noble edifice, which stood at the extremity of this grand street; the residence of Lady *Charlotte Beaufort:* Then, looking towards one of the windows in front of the house, he stopped suddenly; and remained standing, as if lost in thought. * * * * Certainly, the particular figure of this man, was impressively awful; and in the physiognomy, there might be discerned, at that moment; a strange character of disorder: a frightful commixture of fury, confusion, and energy. The cause of this

excited disposition, remains to be developed, by a future recital of circumstances: and the *unknown Personage*, must remain wrapped in his *cloak of darkness*, till he shall have fulfilled those destinies of providence, which have been reserved for him.

CHAPTER X.

Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe.)
Lead it thro' various scenes of life, and death;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

Young.

We mentioned in the last Chapter, that Lady Charlotte Beaufort, was lying dangerously ill. Now, we find her considerably restored; the fever had left her; but her mental malady still raged, with unabated violence. Lady Charlotte

loathed life ; and invoked death, as the only relief of her sufferings. Her condition was truly deplorable, her mind distracted—her spirits gone——her heart broken,——her constitution wasted by a severe distemper—every retrospect shocking to her,—and every prospect hopeless ! ! No wonder she looked with impatience to the close of a life, of such bitterness and sorrow ; and that loaded her with this formidable complication of miseries.

How terrible, is that invincible dejection, which renders every kind of effort, hateful to the mind ? and, what must be the single sentiment, sufficient to absorb the soul entirely ?

Ah ! these are the feelings, which neither grief, nor passion, nor genius, can explain : these are the secrets of the heart, which are not to be expressed, nor disclosed, nor rightly understood ; though, perhaps, the simplest circumstances, may induce the mystery.

Lady Charlotte, had in her mind, an extensive retrospect of acts and occurrences, in her life ; for which she had to answer either to others, or to her own conscience.

It is true, her sensations of horror, had in a good degree subsided ; but when a feeling of the heart, and not of the passions: a spice of love at the bottom of the soul, is called up, the heart may pass in an instant from tranquillity, to the most cruel agitation ; and it was so, in the present instance.

The masquerade scene, together with other subsequent particulars ; caused Lady Charlotte Beaufort, to think deeply ; and her conscience smote her.****—In short, every thing concurred to overcome, one already harrowed by remorse. The fact is, as an aggressor, pausing on the past—there was something prophetic in the deep, and lengthened heaviness which possessed her! Indeed, a deadly despair, brooded on her soul: and this accounts for her sudden gloom, and long protracted illness.

This singular youug female, perhaps, had too much depth of feeling, for her own quiet: condemned, self-condemned ! a thick dark veil, seemed to rise between her, and the whole world ! and, in the desolation of her heart, she could find no image of hope, or comfort to turn

to. This loneliness of feeling, appeared to chill her very soul ; and she sunk into a kind of absence of thought, that, though it precludes reflection, does not shut out pain.

In this state of disturbed slumber, given up to a sort of living death ; her ideas became stagnant, they did not move : they lay under a load of grief : and the pressure was such, it was indifferent to her, what passed ; tumult or silence, was the same to one, who was scarcely conscious, of existence ; further, than as she felt a confused sense of suffering, and of misery.

Alone, unheard, no witness to check the wild, and weeping, luxury of passion ; she now repeatedly sighed forth the *name* of one closely associated with her waywardness, and her melancholy.****Suffice it to say, that the person who engaged all her thoughts, and governed all her actions ; was the *identical young officer*, to whom it was said, she was *privately married* ; and the very youth, whose picture she wore, as we have mentioned : were he even an *impostor*, he was too dear to her, to be forgotten ; and if

only unfortunate, she had, herself unwarrantably deserted him.

After this digression, we now return again to the *unknown person;* who, wrapped in the mourning cloak, nightly haunted the avenues, streets, and squares, in that part of modern Paris, that led directly to the habitation of Lady Charlotte.

As we said before, towards Christmas, late on a Sunday night; this *mysterious being*, rushing precipitately from the *Palais Royale*, ran along the *Rue St. Honorè*, till he came in front of Lady Charlotte's hotel.****The clock of the *Tuilleries*, had just struck twelve.**** The time, the season, the *place*, seemed to draw the soul into a train of solemn meditation; and now, this NOCTURNAL WANDERER—pausing, and sighing; sat down on the stone-steps, before the door; his elbow rested on one knee, and his head was supported by his left hand; sometimes, turning his eyes towards the heavens—sometimes, fixing them on the earth—he fell into a profound reverie.*****But, the charm of this reverie, was soon dissolved; and plunged

in deep melancholy : he raised his hands, and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed—" Oh ! who shall dare to fathom the depths of divine Providence ?" His thoughts were on mortality; and given up to the most serious reflections, he repeated these,

LINES ON DEATH.

Great change of being ! who, ah ! who can ken
Aught of thy secret scenes beyond the tomb ?
It only hath been taught the sons of men
To wait with resignation for their doom :
But, this we know of *Truth*, that soon, or late,
We shall be called from this afflicting scene ;
And, from that change of being, we shall date
Our endless pleasure, or our endless pain !

Having uttered this solemn ejaculation, he rose, and stood awhile in a fixed gaze, as if contemplating the vast, and vacant, expanse before him. He seemed quite absorbed in meditation ; when, in an instant, Cynthia's lucid orb, darting from a dusky cloud, shone, with all her lustre, on the very spot he stood upon.

He seemed revolving something momentous.

—Melancholy remembrances, and vague prospects, pressed upon his over-charged heart; and yielding to a manly burst of grief:—" O, death," cried he, smiting his breast, " *I* have often called on thee; and even thou wilt not answer me. All, all is hushed, save the faint, and feeble, voice of my country, which, even now, at this awful hour, of midnight, cries for retribution of the wrongs she has sustained: be the last twenty-five years forgotten; and let the spirit of *Louis the just*, animate the breast of **********.—Having uttered this apostrophe; he took from under his cloak, a *Viol d' amour;* and struck up the national strain of *Vive Henri:* Lady Charlotte, started, as from a dream of years.—She recollected, that *the object of her first, and early love;* had often sung this song, in the hours of happy seclusion from the world—while hopes, and fears, were alternately raised by the diversity of political occurrences; which had so capriciously governed all Europe. The mystery of her fate, seemed to operate upon her like a spell:—she occupied a chamber, in front of the house; and

her first impulse was to fly to the window; whilst her heart mentally asked—" was this midnight minstrel, he whose *name* had just escaped her lips?" A voice within her, uttered the *lover's name*, again:—she sighed it forth a second, and a third time; and, rising from her bed, wrapped in a white *robe de chambre;* unclosed the casement; when, *as if by magic*, embodied in the form of the *black domino;* the being dearest to her on earth, stood before her.

The light of the lamp, which was over the gate of the hotel, illuminated the figure. His cloak was flung back—the moon-beams, threw a placid lustre on the face, which was now fully displayed, by his uncovered head:—it was a countenance, which could never be mistaken by Lady Charlotte:—it was her lover! She was, however, particularly struck, by the extraordinary alteration in his appearance. He was as pale as death, and his eyes being cast down, seemed as if they were shut; but her sight was now so dim, that the object lost all reality in her ideas. She was seized with a dreadful

palpitation, which almost deprived her of power to breathe. She thought, the apartment in which she was, shook as in an earthquake ; and she leaned against the wall, in order to support this fancied motion. Her lover perceived her : —he looked at her in the most feeling manner ; and in the paroxysm of the moment, burst into the following apostrophe : " Oh ! sweet remembrance of the past!—Oh, happy associations of idea ! which even in the bitterness of the present hour, can cheer the heart by reflection ! !"

A funeral procession with torch-light, was approaching ; and he immediately withdrew, with an invocation, that " heaven would, next to his country, protect the woman of his tenderest love," He was out of sight in a moment, and his last accents died away in long, and solemn vibrations, on the ear, and heart of our heroine.

Meanwhile, the procession approached, and passed on :—it was a young novice of the Convent *de Charité*, who was going to be interred

in the cemetry of her fathers, at the Abbey of *St. Genevieve.*

This young person was the daughter of a *ci-devant farmer-general*, who under the *code Napoleon*, had not only lost his situation, but the greater part of his property; as the new mode of collection, prevented his getting in the funds which had lain in the hands of his deputies.—He had lost his wife, and having several children, was under a necessity of disposing of them *a la francoise;* that is, in the best manner he could—some were in the army—some married—and this last, the youngest of all, was sent to the Convent *de Charité*, till the times grew better; that he might either settle her in the world, or as a *dernier resort*—send her to profess in a regular nunnery. However, the lenient hand of death, which frequently cures all human ills; relieved both the parent and the child, by calling the latter, to another, and better world; and lessening the care of the former in this. Indeed, the death of friends, and relations, is a matter thought so little of in France,

that it seldom occasions more than a few hours grief.*

On entering the church, the solemn chaunt of the *Requiem*, and the peal of the organ, that now struck up, was distinguishable in the distance. The sounds came so as not to be described :— they were full, and melodious ; yet melancholy, and soft. The harmony, so sweet, so solemn ! swelled louder—it paused—and rose again in mournful sweetness : then died away in a cadence, that seemed to bear the listening soul to heaven.

* The writer recollects an extraordinary scene of this kind, which occurred in Paris.—A young girl, who had lost her mother in the morning—over whom she wept for some time—was met in the evening at a public party, where she danced with as much *gaiete de cœur* as if nothing had happened.

CHAPTER XI.

Father of light and life, thou God supreme !
O teach me what is good ! teach me thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

Thomson.

Lady Charlotte, on recovering from the surprise, which the scene, described in the former chapter, had occasioned; felt a confused mixture of sensations ; and with her head lowered, she continued, a long time, in profound thought. What passed in her mind, must, for the present, remain a secret.—****We can only say, that she had faith in future events, from presentiment; and imagined, that she had not long to live.—Her peculiar turn of character, has

been already described; and *superstition is the child of enthusiasm.*

In a word, the solemnity of the sabbath, opposed to the manner in which it is usually spent in Paris—the funeral obsequies of the young novice—the music—in short, the entire of the occurrences, and scenery of the night, were calculated to produce serious reflections; and, as she paused on the remembrance of *one*, closely associated with her most cherished meditations; it brought to her recollection a subject, they had often spoken of——namely, the "*knowledge which disembodied spirits possess in a future state.*"‡ * * * * *She had been long doubtful of the fate of this beloved friend; who was, in reality, the very person, to whom she had been long, and deeply, attached.**** But, as Middleton, finely expresses it,

"I never heard of any true affection, but 'twas
"nipt with care, that like the caterpillar eats the
"leaves of the Spring's sweetest book, the rose."

‡ See the Journal of the late excellent Mrs. Fletcher.

Not to waste words, it was this lover, who had occasioned all the turmoil, and inquietude; which Lady Charlotte had experienced..... She well knew, that he *too*, had suffered much; and now, as if convinced, that his earthly pilgrimage was over; and, that he had been removed to a happier situation of being—she fancied, he had visited her, in his separated state of existence.....She could not, just then, define her sensations; but when more composed, felt an impresssion, that all might have been but a dream.....However, if she reflected, on some recent occurrences; the character of *Truth*, at the Masquerade, with the subsequent conduct of the *Incognito;* and particularly, the ODE TO POVERTY, in the handwriting of her lover; might have been sufficient to remove all uncertainty about the matter:—however, on the morning after the strange appearance of this *personage;* with a view to rouse her Ladyship, from despondency; taking the license, which mystery affords, he enclosed to her, *in his own hand-writing*, the following proof of reality.

A SOLILOQUY ON FOLLY, WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

——— While the unthinking crowd,
Pursue a round of folly's mad career—
And waste in vanity and vice, those hours
Lent to be improved—Oh ! let my mind
Be drawn to thee, great source of "*light and life !*"
Eternal Father ! Fountain of all bliss !
Great Governor of all ! "By whose fiat,
"Fixed, and inevitable, we live and move :"
Even now, at midnight's awful hour,
While the blue taper lessens to my view :—
Sad semblance of the *waning* life of man ;
Let me improve the passing golden moment ;
Let me in silence speak to my own heart ;
And while I, myself address, may the appeal,
Have due effect on all the human race.
Ah, unthinking, inconsiderate mortal !
How do thy actions answer to thine end ?
Was't for thyself, thou wert created ? Or,
Art thou of thine own hands, the workmanship ?
Oh no ! the monitor, within thee, whispers,
"Thou wert breathed into being for GOD's glory :
To love HIM, and thus to love thy fellows !"
Live then, to fulfil the great intent
Of the CREATOR ! *Live for eternity ! ! !*

Lady Charlotte, was at no loss to comprehend the express purport of these lines ; which soon produced the desired effect on her. * * * * She gathered strength from day to day : progressive improvement was visible ; and when her wonted energies were, in a great degree revived, her attention was again solicited by the secret, and corroding reflections, which now so often engrossed her senses, and sometimes totally subdued them. How far her present feelings, impelled her in the gratification of favourite reveries, and *eccentricities*, will be partly developed in the sequel.

CHAPTER XII.

——————— deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terior, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same parent-pow'r our beings drew,
The same our lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
Toil'd tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms.
Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy folly and dicordant vice,
Of nature sing with us, and nature's God.

Thomson.

About this time, a most extraordinary exhibition was announced in Paris—it was called the *Oracle of Truth ;* and purported to be open to visitors, at a large building in the *Rue St.*

Etienne. The admittance was three *francs*—a price, much beyond that of common spectacles generally offered to the attention of the public in France. This philosophical experiment, seemed to be upon the same principle with that of the INVISIBLE GIRL,* which attracted such notice, and excited so much astonishment, several years before. There was a square frame, of mahogany ornamented, which had been fitted to a saloon—in the centre of which was suspended by chains of polished brass, a mirror of some metallic composition. From this was given a two-fold answer to enquiries : one by a display of *characters*, on the face of the mirror—and the other by audible sounds, like those of the human voice.—There seemed to be no communication between the agent and apparatus ; and though it was evident there was an agency, it could not be conjectured what the nature of it could be : but its wonderful operations, and the intense interest they

* It is scarcely necessary to say, that this curious piece of ingenuity, was exhibited in almost every city throughout Europe, and in Paris was called the incomprehensible experiment.

excited, led to the general conclusion—that it must be super-human.

Whoever appeared for the purpose of consulting the *oracle*, was admitted into the saloon, the front of which was covered with a curtain. One at a time only entered, who might ask questions, at discretion; these interrogatories were conveyed in any language, at the pleasure of the enquirer, verbally, or in writing on separate billets, which were deposited in a sort of letter-box, to which the *seer* alone had access. The responses were delivered in a voice, and diction, the most solemn, and awful ; and the disclosures were, appalling to many ! cheering to few ! astounding to all !

The rooms were daily crowded, with groupes of votaries, who, emulously pressed forward to the *prophetic shrine*, to try what the womb of time had in store for them. It was amusing to observe the motley multitude, of every age, and condition—sighing lovers—bluff widowers—prim old bachelors, and maidens: demure cleries—boasting captains, and modest lawyers: in a word ; the whole host of suitors, candidates,

expectants, parasites, hypocrites, and courtiers —all pressed for a glimpse of the future ; and, to very few, was the *oracle of truth* highly flattering. It sifted without mercy, and condemned without reserve. It stripped off that mask, in which,

> All artful knaves and cheats strut forth
> As men of probity, and worth.

Were we disposed to follow this example, tear masks—expose imposture—and probe vices ; we could hold up many French worthies, as proper mirrors to those of other nations ; to see their own nature, form, and pressure. But, as this would not suit our purpose, nor the tender consciences of the times, we omit it,

> Ausus detrahere pellem qua quesque perora,
> Cederet interorsum turpis.....

There was only one person noticed, as connected with the exhibition, who was supposed to be the sole manager.

This was an extraordinary character : he seemed to understand all the arcana of nature : he could trace the operations of the heart,

through all its mazes, and recesses: past, present, and future—all things, human, and divine, were familiar to him: his mighty mind traversed the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the limits of creation alone seemed to confine it. Such were the powers of this astonishing man; but who he could be, was an impenetrable mystery.

Several members of the *Royal Institute*, (now the Academy.) visited him; and he discussed many learned points, publicly, with the Professors. He might be said, to have thrown a new light on men, and science. His words were like magic; in their effect, instant! surprising! he exercised a sort of dictatorial power, over the understanding of his hearers: In short, he had all the elements of that kind of composition, which *tears the wreath* from the overwhelming brow of *Envy* itself! It was not, so much, that he spoke to the judgment, or, played upon the passions; there was a vital warmth in his sentiments, which reached the soul. He did not wait to reason, or harangue; he convinced, by a POWER, and MANAGEMENT, all his own!**

Whatever subject was the theme! however, trite, or common; he always made it interesting, and NEW. For example, when questioned on CHYMISTRY, and MECHANICS, he gave his answers, by naming the first, "The ARABIAN IGNIS FATUUS!" the latter, "The GRECIAN UTILITIES!"*

Again, on another occasion, when some questions were proposed to the ORACLE, which led to metaphysics—he solved them at once, rationally, yet THEOLOGICALLY: referring cause, effect, and all PHENOMENA, to the Godhead, as the great *primum mobile.*

Scenery of a strange, and novel, description, which was reflected by the *mirror*, filled the intervals of speaking. Immediately afterwards, an open book, entitled "TRUTH," was seen in the glass. "MYSTERY REVEALED," headed the page. The book was painted in the strongest relief; and the *hieroglyphics*, in which it was written, were emblematic of the spirit of pro-

* Physic took its rise in Arabia—The sciences owe their cultivation to Greece.

phecy, speaking with a tongue of fire. This wonderful book, seemed, as it were, embraced in a large, square, gilded frame, of beautiful, carved, work; and appeared to stand out from the canvass; but suddenly, a thick darkness, fell over the the painting. At that moment, as if by magic, the whole scene became inflamed; and from the smoke, which it created, "*a beast with seven heads, and ten horns,*" emerged in terrific brightness! A PIT, over which was written, "PERDITION," was at his feet, into which he gradually descended; and was no more seen.* The *Crown and Sceptre of France*, were represented in the back-ground, surmounted by the title of Tasso's beautiful poem, as a motto: "GIERUSALEM LIBERATE!" and the MUSE OF HISTORY, in a cloud pointed to the word, *dismemberment*,—Nothing could exceed the delicacy, and exactness, with which

* This alludes to the *Apocalypse of Saint John*, xiii chap. 1: v.; xvii. chap. 8 11. 12. v. which, it is imagined by many, pourtrays the character, and fate of *Napoleon*. For a further illustration, see vol. 3. last chapter.

this figure, was presented to the view.—It was placed in strong light, against a clear, blue, sky.—The face, and form, were distinguishable, down to the waist; enveloped in close drapery, of a deep purple.—A smaller cloud, behind the figure, but closely attached to it, had the appearance of a gauze robe, broadly expanded, and the folds, confined towards the extremity; and the relief was rendered still more perfect, by the rays of the setting sun, as it were, acting upon the back of the cloud. — * * * But, this disappeared,

——— ——— ——— Like the lightning
Which doth cease to be, ere one can say, it lightens!
Shakspear.

* * * * * * * * *

During this time, a sort of disembodied intelligence was carried on, between Lady Charlotte, and her lover, the *Incognito*.—* * * Circumstances, did not permit this *personage*, unequivocally, to speak with her; but he communicated his thoughts to her, perhaps, in a still better manner; by numerous acts of kind-

ness—precautionary hints, of probable danger, and difficulty: sometimes, presenting himself to her view, for a moment; and then vanishing, like an aerial messenger; after having executed its errand; thus, producing great effect, by leaving much to the imagination.—* * * * The subjoined ode, was received by Lady Charlotte, soon after the "*Sololiquy on Folly.*"

ODE TO GENIUS.

From the ethereal realms on high,
Beyond the reach of human eye,
Where thou did'st reign, ere years were counted o'er,
And thence, in various forms sent forth,
To pour instruction o'er the earth;
And teach her children all her works t' explore:

Genius! thou friend to man!
By whose blest power, we scan
The mighty works of Nature, and her laws:
And watch the progress of the mind,
Which tow'ring unconfin'd
Traces th' effect back to the secret cause:

Come, animate my soul!
Play, wanton round the bowl,

The bowl by talents fill'd, to science quaff't—
Sacred to friendship, and to love,
Blest guests ! descended from above,
T' enable man to ward off evils, shaft.

Strangers to future chance,
Let's void of fear advance,
And tread the paths where thousands have been lost.
Confiding in that all-directing Power,
Whose Providence presides o'er every hour,
And gives us succour, when we need it most.

Thus calm, though even on dangers brink,
The soul of Genius, ne'er should shrink :
But rise superior to surrounding ill,
And free from every worldly care,
Wander at large, through every sphere,
And with their choicest fruits, th' imagination fill.

The soul of Genius, tho' depress'd,
Far beyond other souls is bless'd ;
By knowing how to enjoy the blessing given.
Satiety it shuns, but pleasure tastes—
Time occupies, but never wastes—
Fulfilling thus, with ease, the gracious will of heaven. *

* To prevent misconception, it may be proper to state to the reader, that, the " Ode to Genius," and the " Ode to Poverty," are both *original ;* and composed, by the Author of this work, for the occasion. The " Lines on Death," and the " Soliloquy on Folly," are, also, *original ;* together with all the other little *poetical pieces*, not acknowledged.

It is evident, that the above lines, were expressive of the feelings, and fortunes of the writer; and sent for the express purpose of calling back the attention of Lady Charlotte, to former circumstances.

CHAPTER. XIII.

——————— Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest; you have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once:..her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happiest smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Shakspear.

It is the doom of young ladies, at particular periods of their lives, to be subject to many unaccountable incidents. Their quick sensibility, and want of experience, seasoned with a spice of vanity, throws them off their guard, and often exposes them to various encounters.

Unconscious of design themselves, and void of all guile, they never suspect, or examine ; but, in the pure simplicity, of young, and innocent, nature, take for real, and certain, whatever they see, or hear ; however, false, or superficial.

Lady Charlotte Beaufort, was not exempt from the common lot. In the distribution, her destiny reserved her a full share. Warm, credulous, confiding.—She was lured into difficulties, that proved, the exuberant spring of continued vexations, and regret. In early youth, she became entangled in an affair, of very strange, and delicate character, The real cause of her lapse, into this predicament, is, at present, somewhat mysterious ; but shall be developed, in due time. What is known for certain, is, that it was attended with consequences fatal, to her happiness, and repose. Her heart became the prey of conflicting passions. Sorrow, remorse, despair, in awful train, beset it; to the utter discomfiture, of peace, comfort, or hope. Her sensibility, thus affected, left her imagination open to terrific phantoms ; and the heart softened by dejection, is easily persuaded

of its own guilt. Her mind was over-awed by a concurrence of strange events;—and such was the nature of these distressing circumstances, that she was not only restrained from disclosing them to any other person, but even dreaded to reflect on them herself. To be brief, the tranquillity of her conscience, was disturbed by grief; overtaken by misfortune, and remorse, she could no longer indulge in the fond illusions of the heart; and her soul, inaccessible to the gentle tumult of joy, could not, then, be moved, even by the conviction of having done well.—She considered, that the world had no pleasures, which could compensate, its troubles, and cares: in fine, she became alarmed at futurity; and in the hope of disarming Fortune, by the absolute renunciation of every selfish end, determined to expect nothing from her. Thus, in the fufilment of filial duty, she had sacrificed her inclinations, without difficulty; but this might be accounted for, by referring it, not entirely, to the principle of obedience; but to the intensity of suffering, which prevented her from taking an interest in her own imme-

diate destiny. To unite the energy of youth, with the reflection of age, was the peculiar character of Lady Charlotte; and this contrariety in her, so much in opposition to the ordinary course of nature, had the happy effect of rendering her more amiable, and condescending. At the early age of eighteen, she was disgusted with life; and became regardless of every thing:—but, though her mind no longer invited the illusions of happiness, she ceased not to regret its loss; nevertheless, her outward appearance was unruffled; and her sadness, instead of degenerating into moroseness, assumed an interesting dignity, that powerfully argues the immutable laws of Nature; which, when allowed their own operations, excite contempt in the human mind, for unavailing lamentation, and for all ineffectual struggles to overcome necessity, or, in more appropriate words, to counteract the designs of heaven.

Lady Charlotte, had a mind quite alive to fine impressions; and adorned with many qualities, and accomplishments of the first order. Her father, also, was a man of superior

endowments—distinguished for erudition, talent, and taste. He travelled much, and was a close, and just observer, of men, and things. He had besides, a great originality of character, and took peculiar delight, in cultivating the talents of his fair daughter, whose taste, and feeling, were so congenial to his own.

Lady Charlotte, passed the earlier part of her life, in a southern climate; hence, her habits, and manners, had, in a great degree, imbibed those qualities, which so particularly distinguish the inhabitants of the south. She was full of the richest gifts, which the graces could bestow —but, to panegyrise these affecting relations, between the beauties of nature, and the deepest emotions of the soul, is impossible.—Formed to affect every one, it was a spark of life in her, or, an *intellectual melody*, which charmed by impressions, to the last degree, delicate, and refined. Though Lady Charlotte's disposition was somewhat fickle, and capricious; yet it was, in the main, good. Her faults did not arise from design, or intention: for her heart was disposed to tenderness, and gratitude.

We pass over a detail of curious, and singular, circumstances, not quite relevant, to our purpose; and only observe—that our heroine, tho' vain, and sometimes volatile, to a high degree; though a votary of the fashionable follies that surrounded her; and *unique*, in a great part, of her acts, and sentiments; she, at last, became a sincere, and willing, convert, to the force of truth.

It is now necessary, to account for the *entanglement*, alluded to in the first part of her history.

CHAPTER XIV.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds, his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Shakspear.

Lady Charlotte Beaufort, as before noticed, was the daughter of an English nobleman, who under a fictitious name, had lived, self-exiled, from his country, for several years.—He was the second son, of the late Duke of——; and from his youth, had been a brilliant, but very eccentric character. He was a profound scholar; and at the early age of twenty-two, a

period generally devoted to pleasure—he had distinguished himself as a man of letters.—But, it appeared, as if his whole life had been involved in mystery. * * * Rumour said, that he had been engaged in a duel with a young kinsman, who was killed. The matter, however, was doubtful; and the real truth, never transpired. It was, indeed known, that he quitted the kingdom precipitately, accompanied by his wife, and daughter; and went to Italy, where he resided, as a *private* gentleman, in one of the principal cities.

Lady Charlotte, was at this period, about nine years old. She was uncommonly interesting; and being the only offspring of her parents, now far advanced in life, might be called the child of dotage.—She adored her father, to whom she had a strong feminine resemblance, both in face, and person: and also, in a great degree, inherited all his wit, and acuteness.—Extraordinary, even in her childhood, she anticipated the progress of years, in the maturity of understanding.—She delighted in intellectual pursuits; and, on all occasions,

evinced a thirst for learning.—Her father, proud of his little prodigy, and, eminently qualified to bestow instruction, superintended the course of her education, himself, with the assistance of the best masters.—It is to be observed, that Lady Charlotte, had a wonderful facility at acquiring languages.—When only twelve years old, she was conversant with no less than seven tongues, ancient, and modern. In short, she excelled in every polite accomplishment.—She was a good historian, an exquisite painter, and, a perfect musician.—We are thus particular, with respect to the acquirements of our heroine ; for, it will appear, that her father, was the inventor, and proprietor, of a *most extraordinary*, and *popular* exhibition of experimental philosophy, which, in a good degree, depended on the *gifts and graces* of his daughter.—* *

From the very cradle, lady Charlotte was a traveller ; owing to an extraordinary propensity of her father, to see foreign realms, and regions. Nor was this so much a curiosity in him, as a kind of distemper of the mind, or a

ruling passion, which he indulged without reserve. At the early age of twelve, our heroine, with her father and mother, had traversed the whole continent of Europe, and seen all the courts, and cities of note, in that vast range. To make the tour complete, the father determined on a trip across the Atlantic, to America, to take a view of the wild wonders of that land of Nature. Not long landed here, the mother died; subdued by the toil and debility, produced, by this restless rambling over lands and oceans; she yielded to the last necessity, and departed to that bourne,

"Whence no traveller returns."

To lady Charlotte, at her now tender time of life, the loss was irreparable; but her father, though eccentric, and heedless, in many respects, was, however, a very careful, and affectionate parent.

Lady Charlotte, though lively, and animated; was of a calm, and thoughtful, cast of mind, and possessed of great tenderness and sensibility: capable of expression and judgment, far beyond her years; and that would

do honour, to any stage of life, however cultivated, or mature. She loved her mother dearly, and felt her loss acutely. From the strangers, among whom, chance had placed her, she experienced the utmost attention; no effort of kindness was spared to alleviate her distress. She expressed her gratitude, in very feeling terms, for their sympathy, and goodness: she was aware of the magnitude of the calamity.—"But," continued she, "on such occasions all condolence, or regret, is unavailing: The decrees of Providence are irrevocable; and prudence, and piety; as well, as the necessity of the case, call on us to be reconciled. To die, is the inevitable condition of being born; and death, sooner, or later closes our earthly career—"*serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam*"—Life is not a gift, but a loan, granted for a shorter, or, longer, period, at the discretion of HIM, "who gives, and takes away." The troubles, and vexations, of this depraved, and wicked, world, forbid us to be much attached to it; or to repine at the premature demise even of our dearest

friends. Perhaps, we should rather be resigned, and grateful to the Almighty *will;* from the reflexion—not, that we are bereft of those we love; but, that they are delivered, from the farther corruption, and contamination, of this earthly abode, of sin, and misery; and, that they are gone, but a *step* before us: for, let them depart ever so early, and us survive, to the utmost period of human life, the interval is not the millionth, of the millionth part, of a second, compared with interminable eternity; where, *and where alone*, bliss is certain, and complete. All these things, duly considered; perhaps, it is a question, whether we can depart this life too soon; or, whether the *will* of Providence, so requiring, should not be most gratefully obeyed. Do we not gladly accept the invitation of a friend, to the vain, and futile, little pleasure, of a fugitive hour, or two? With what unbounded happiness then, should we not receive the heavenly invitation of HIM, at whose right hand, are pleasures evermore!!"

Lady Charlotte, had always a longing look to home—"Sweet home!" no vovelty or variety could divert it. Whatever countries she visited, however, splendid or attractive, her predilection for her own was predominant. With the many other fine qualities, of head, and heart, that adorned her Ladyship; she cherished the "AMOR PATRIÆ," in all its bearings. And, it must be owned, that its vestal flame, never burned, with purer lustre, than in the female bosom. The heroic, and patriotic, devotion of the fair sex, is proverbial, and peculiar; the instances, numerous, and illustrious; and I would ask the "*lords of the creation*," with all their swagger, and arrogance, can they boast of more, either, in quantity, or quality? If there be innate, or common, principles, and that, there are,

"All nature cries aloud thro' all her works,"

the *love of country* is one. It extends all over creation; its influence is, every where, evident. We see it, as if by a divine emanation, stamped on all being, by the Godhead. The savage,

and civilized, equally yield to its genial power. Wherever we go, whatever realms we see, in whatever region, however charming, we may be situated, remote from that of our birth, and education; our heart still sighs, for our "dear native land." This feeling is universal—it is absolutely, without exception. The untutored savage, separated from his native forests, and perpetual snows, still yearns for the land of his fathers. This influence extends even to brutes—nay, to the vegetable creation. We see the plants, and animals, transported to foreign climes, degenerate and perish—subdued by the weight of the native affection. Homer never alludes to his native land, without some epithet, expressive of peculiar affection, and regard. Cicero somewhere says, that our country should be the "dearest of all favourites"—"*Charitissima omnum charitatum est patria.*" Our Saviour lamented the fate of Jerusalem. What an example of patriotism! How truly worthy of the observance, and imitation, of all men! Thus, it is evident, that "AMOR PATRIÆ," is the voice of Nature—the

voice of God—essential in every living being, even the insensible class ; the common principle of all climes and ages ; inculcated by the example, and precept, of all poets, and sages, —nay of divinity ! !

We can only say, that at the early age of twelve years, Lady Charlotte, travelled with her father, all over the continent of Europe, and the greater part of America ; where her mother died.—About the year 1801, while with her father at Vienna ; she became, accidentally, acquainted with a person, under the assumed name of the *Count de Mauvaise.* But, who was, in reality, as will appear from the subsequent facts, no other than a person, *at one time, identified with the French empire ;* who had, after suffering almost every privation, and inconvenience, which the gradation, through several subordinate situations in the army ; and others of a dependant nature, could be supposed to involve him in—attained a degree of rank, and consequence ; from having announced himself, with incontrovertible proofs of identity, to the King of————, who supplied him with

the means of appearing in a character, of dignity, and respect; and gave him such an introduction to his Embassador, at the court of Vienna, as admitted him into the first circles; even though his real name, and situation, were profound secrets.—At the hotel of the Embassador, he first met Lady Charlotte; and after some time, their acquaintance improved, into the most intimate friendship, and confidence.—The secret of his birth, was at length, made known to her.—Her father, was consulted by both parties; and made the repository of their attachment.—In a short time, calculating on the probable change of human affairs—they were privately married—but, it was determined, that he should never announce himself, till Europe had been prepared for the event! The newly allied party, travelled together, in *cog*, through most parts of the Continent; and, after some time, visited England—when the extraordinary circumstance of the recognition of *Napoleon*, as ruler of the French,* so disap-

* Buonaparte was appointed *Consul for life*, in 1802; and was crowned Emperor of the French, in 1804.

pointed the expectations of the father, that he made it a point with his daughter, to accompany him to America, and discard the unfortunate *Count*, under the presumption, that he was an impostor! Thrown again upon the world, this most ill-fated young man, returned, once more, to France; and going to *St. Cloud*, actually made himself known to Buonaparte; who settled upon him, a small pension, of two thousand *francs*, per annum. Thus, with this scanty support, he became a wanderer through various parts of Europe, till the first overthrow of *Napoleon*, after his Russian campaign, at which time, the pension was discontinued. When the Bourbons, were restored to the throne of their ancestors, we find, from the documents, to which we have had access,* that, the *Count* appeared in many assumed characters; but gave no occasion for suspicion, till Lady Charlotte, whose father was now dead, came to Paris. Our hero, then, made his ap-

* When at Paris, the Author saw many documents, in the hands of literary persons, which tended to excite curiosity on this subject.

pearance, at the assembly *en masque*, in the *character of Truth.*— * * * * He was the *black domino*, at the masked ball; and he was the *fortunate adventurer*, at the faro-table.

From this short digression, we return to that part of the narrative, where it will be recollected, that the *Count* discovered himself, personally, to Lady Charlotte, by playing the popular air, of "*Vive Henri*," one night, under her chamber window.

It now remains, to inform the reader, that shortly after this event; her Ladyship, suddenly, disappeared.

From the compunction she felt, at the idea of her apparently cruel abandonment of her husband; together, with her unconquerable affection for him; and particularly now, at a time, when all restraints, hitherto, imposed by paternal authority, had been removed; this step, no doubt, may appear strange: however, that she had good reasons for her conduct, will be seen in the sequel.

Lady Charlotte, prior to her disappearance, had made over, by a deed of conveyance, to

our hero, the entire of her large funded property, left by her father, for her sole use, and disposal ; the gift was presented by her Ladyship's Page—a *boy of colour*, deaf, and dumb—accompanied with the following farewell !

LETTER.

" The person who delivers you this letter, " with the papers, which accompany it, may be " trusted.—For many years, I have had such " proofs of fidelity, as enable me, to recommend " to your care, *one*, who will not prove unworthy " of it.—Enquire not after me—consider me as " already, no more ; and make the best use you " can, to further your own views, of what I com- " mit to you.—The bearer, was one of the most " promising pupils of the *Abbé de l' Epée;** " and, from what you will perceive, can never " betray your secrets.—I wished * * * * * * " but of that, no more.—I have brought my-

* The Abbé de l' Epée was the original teacher of the *deaf and dumb*, at Paris.—He also lectured on philosophy.

"self, to submit to every humiliation.—
"adieu.

CHARLOTTE.

Paris, January, 2, 1815.

It appears strange, that there should have been any obstacle in the way, to prevent the re-union of Lady Charlotte, and her husband; particularly, when it is evident, that he followed all her steps, and watched every motion; for the purpose of affording her that protection, which he deemed necessary, to ensure her safety amongst strangers. Yet, the fact is, the *Count*, finding himself ill treated, in the first instance, had resolved never to consent to a re-union, till he could effect it without any appearance of becoming a dependant upon the fortune, or caprice of a wife. 'Tis true, Lady Charlotte, wished for an entire reconciliation; for she felt, that her husband had been outraged. To effect her purpose, she had made every possible effort; and even made him heir to her entire property: but, all this was useless, as the delicacy of his mind, would not permit his accep-

tance of the offer ; nor did he wish, if not cautioned, to take any notice of the communication, which he had received on the subject. —Whether this was a refinement, incompatible with the character of a husband, it is unnecessary to venture an opinion upon, at present ; however, future circumstances, may develope the cause of this reserve, on his part, and reconcile his conduct to the principles which induced it.

CHAPTER XV.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Shakspear.

The *Count*, was a man, of strong feelings, though they had been in a good degree, subdued by the uses of adversity. He ever loved Lady Charlotte, even in their most clouded moments: and when he read her farewell letter, he was quite overpowered by his feelings, and turned aside, to conceal his emotion.

The page, who was the bearer of the letter, as if from an association of ideas, sighed deeply, and impressively. Until then, the *Count* had scarcely glanced at the youth. He looked at

him now; and their eyes met.....There was an indescribable sensation of sympathy between them: it seemed, as if a sentiment, long cherished by both, conspired to create mutual confidence.— There was, also, a combination of external appearances, which seemed to fix the attention of our hero, towards the stranger.

A large patch, covered his left eye; his figure was delicate-- his black hair, shaded his forehead; and he appeared to be in ill health. He was dressed in mourning, and a suberb gold chain, to which was suspended a diamond cross, hung round his neck, which the *Count* recognized, to have formerly belonged to Lady Charlotte. He wore a Venetian cloak, and held the *Italian hat, and plume* in his hand. His whole frame trembled, the emotion of his heart flashed on his countenance, and the whole soul, of this interesting young stranger, beamed through his large, dark, penetrating, eye.

Looks, and sighs, are often the best, nay, the only interpreters of feeling. In many cases, that species of language, called words, fails us;

and, as a medium of communicating our sensations, is absolutely insufficient. Words are so liable to misconception, both from the taste and temper of those who use them, that they are often found very inadequate heralds of the feelings and workings of *nature*, which, as in the present case, occasionally resorts, to means more eloquent and efficient.

But, here, there appeared no necessity for reserve, or caution; all was, as if the spirit of Lady Charlotte, had been infused into the page; whom he immediately took under his protection.

CHAPTER XVI.

——————— at my nativity,
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; know, that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Shakspear.

The Count *de Mauvaise*, had come to Paris, at this time, on some secret mission; the nature, or object, of which, was a profound mystery. He took private lodgings, in an obscure street, opposite to the *Rue St. Etienne:* facing the large building, where the ORACLE OF TRUTH, was exhibited.

This *singulur personage*, seemed careful to avoid all intercourse with mankind—to look

with indifference at the gayest, busyest, scenes —an utter stranger to every one. But, with all this affected apathy, his curiosity was so active, his sagacity so acute, and his mind so comprehensive, that nothing escaped him. He lived in the French capital, as if "*forgetting the world, and by the world forgot;*" attended only, by an old woman servant; and always went out disguised—wrapt, as said before, in his *dark cloak of mystery*. He was apparently unobservant, yet, was not the less devoted to his pursuits—which engaged him abroad, from day to day, till a late hour of the night, when he generally returned home, looking pale, and languid; and evidently labouring under a great degree of mental, and bodily exhaustion.

It appears, that the mystification, which hitherto shrouded our *incognito*, was fast dissipating. Every day, made his character more or less familiar; till, at last, from being an object of curiosity, and conjecture, he was looked upon, with caution and suspicion; which was not long coming to a crisis; and on the very day he received Lady Charlotte's farewell letter, our adven-

turer was taken up as a spy, by the *gens d'armes;* and, having undergone a long examination, before the *Juge d'Intruction*, was, that very night, committed to prison.

This stranger had the air, and port of a soldier; with all the address, and activity ; that keen and cautious circumspection, and shrewd reserve, which peculiarly characterise military men, of deep mind, and enterprise. All his circumstances conspired to make him a marked, and suspected person. He was considered neither more nor less, than an emissary of Buonaparte; who, though now in exile, was well known to possess a head, and heart, capable of contriving, and conducting, the most weighty and important undertakings.

Our captive, as may be supposed, was highly indignant at the arrest. He loudly protested against its injustice, and illegality, in every point of view. He refused all explanation, or farther account of himself, than, that he was a traveller of distinction ; under *peculiar circumstances ;* which made it expedient, and proper for him, to forbear all disclosure of his real

name, and character; and the more, as he felt satisfied, that it was quite unnecessary for his defence, or the refutation of any charges, that could be brought against him.

The inflexible, and decisive demeanour of this *extraordinary personage*, with the impenetrable darkness, and ambiguity of his answers, gave rise to a world of conjectures, highly unfavourable to him; and furnished additional grounds, for his farther safe-keeping.

He was accordingly lodged, as a *state prisoner*, in the Temple—in the identical apartment, which had been occupied by *Louis XVI. and his unfortunate Queen*, previous to their execution.

Amongst other objects which forcibly arrested his attention, was a *memorandum of the day and year*, in which he himself was born, written upon the wall, with a pencil.—There were also, some sketches of scenes, which still remained unobliterated: the deepest sympathies of his nature, were awakened; and starting to the recollection of the horrors which these rooms

had witnessed,* in the agony of the moment, the blood seemed to congeal through his entire frame; he could neither stand, or move, and, quite helpless, and subdued, he sunk down on a couch beneath him. Here, his distress cannot be described: mind, as well as body, seemed to yield to the dreadful impression, his new habitation, and the associations connected with it, had made on him. Every sense now failed him!—memory, and every other faculty of the intellect, refused their functions. In this state of frightful suspense, he lay, as if the vital ray had for ever departed. He seemed neither to breathe, or move; or shew any sign of life, till towards morning; when he providentially awoke from the horrific trance, into which his sympathy, and sensibility, had thrown him.

However, after a little rest, and some kind attentions from his keepers—for jailers are not

* The parting scene between *Marie Antoinette*, and her husband, and children, must be well known to the reader:—it was such, as would harrow up the heart which is not callous to every human feeling. The subject of this memoir, must have been very much affected, if he was really the person we suppose.

always divested of tenderness, and humanity—he was a good deal recovered. He gradually became collected, and composed: he was aware of his awkward, and perilous situation how much he had to apprehend from the malice and power of his enemies: the persecutions, and privations he may have still to endure; with the numerous other untoward circumstances, that flitted round him; and obtruded on every view, of his present perplexing condition.

But, he relied on Providence alone, for a timely deliverance, from all his dangers, and difficulties:—*that Providence*, that ever defends THE RIGHT, and had never forsaken him. Throwing himself on this divine protection, he resolved to await, with pious resignation, the issue, what it may be—of the trials, and troubles, he had still to encounter.

The assurance, that Lady Charlotte had not forgotten him, was without doubt, well calculated to sooth, and sustain him, under the weight of his sorrows. It had this happy effect on his temper, and feelings. His fortitude and cheerfulness, every day, increased. He re-

peated her name; enumerated her merits; and dwelt on the darling theme, with great tenderness, and enthusiasm. But, one day, while resting on his pillow, and engaged in one of his favourite reveries; he heard some one weeping, with great affliction, just by him: at the instant, he started up; threw open the curtain; and to his utmost satisfaction, and surprise, he found, the faithful, and affectionate, Page, weeping, and kneeling, beside him. To the captive, we may be sure, this was an agreeable discovery. The presence, even of the Page, who had given such unequivocal proofs of fidelity, and regard, and the intense interest he felt, in the fate, and fortune, of the sufferer; could not fail to inspire a grateful, and generous mind, with feelings of pleasure, and satisfaction; but the paramount delight, of hearing from his adored Lady Charlotte, totally cancelled all other considerations.

This amiable youth, had followed the *Count* to his prison; and having gained access to his apartment, he watched by him, with the utmost solicitude. But, it might be expected, that

he would take, a more than common, interest in the fate of *one*, so dear to Lady Charlotte. Not to waste words, he was, evidently, very much affected; he pressed the offered hand of the *Count*, with rapture, to his lips: and his eloquent, and *prophetic*, *eye*, seemed to express a full knowledge, of all that had passed; and a presentiment of what was to come, as regarding the fortunes of his master.

Our hero, with an unspeakable sensation, which appeared to check the pulses of his heart; laid his head, fondly on the shoulder of the youth: who, impatient to bring his mind relief, drew from his breast, a paper, bearing the seal of royalty; which proved to be a release for the prisoner; signed by the King; and procured by this accomplished pupil of the *Abbé de l' Epée*, through the interest of the British Embassador; who, it will be recollected, was Lady Charlotte's friend, and relative. This proceeding involved a mystery, which naturally excited the astonishment of the *Count*—this arcanum, will be developed in the sequel.

CHAPTER XVII.

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning-star of memory !

Lord Byron.

We have seen, in the former chapter, his ill-natured destinies, conduct the *Count* into many scenes, and situations—some, of much annoyance, and perplexity—all, in a greater, or less, degree, possessing considerable interest. We have seen him arrested, examined, committed. The reader has witnessed the agonies of his feeling, and conscious mind, in that abode of

confinement, where chance, and misfortune, had now conspired to place him, till released by the love, and solicitude, of Lady Charlotte.

It is needless to say, what were the *Count's* sensations, on leaving the place of his recent captivity; which was the scene of his family's persecution. He shuddered, with horror, at the lamentable reflection, and accompanied by his young, and affectionate, deliverer, to whom gratitude now bound him; returned back again to his lodging, in the neighbourhood of the *Rue St. Etienne.*

From this time forward, the utmost confidence was established between our hero, and his *faithful Page*..... The youth, became inexpressibly dear to him: his manners were gentle, and engaging; and his acuteness, intelligence, and powers of mind, were such, as excited at once, astonishment, and admiration. He was always attentive, but never obtrusive. ..... He continually watched the countenance of his master, and by a sort of intuitive quickness of perception—anticipated his very thoughts..... In fine, he accompanied him,

in all his pursuits, as if chained to his very footsteps—and with a constant fixture of the eye—seldom lost sight of him, except at the intervals of repose.—When he saw him pensive or perturbed; anxious to divert his thoughts to some agreeable subjects, he would spread his books before him—and having been, as before mentioned, a pupil of the *Abbé de l' Epée;* and by this means, conversant with different languages; used to mark with his pencil, the beauties of various authors; and sometimes, by his apt, and luminous, observations, which he wrote in the margin—evinced, not only, an elegant, and correct, taste; but information and judgment, beyond his years.....He was, also, a poet, and a painter; and had produced several beautiful views, of the surrounding scenery. Yet, with all his rare qualities—with all his amiable dispositions, and extensive attainments; there was something unaccountably peculiar, and mysterious, about him. Some secret spring of melancholy, and grief, perpetually afflicted him—engrossed his faculties; and, at times, seemed totally to subdue him.

He was often observed to suffer severely, under the weight of his exquisite sorrow: he would sit whole hours, with an aspect quite vacant, and void of all expression; absorbed in gloom; and evidently the prey of some inward emotions. Sometimes, the tear would insensibly start, and trickle down his sable, and sorrowful cheek. Again, as if recollecting himself; and wishing to hide, or check, his feelings, he would rapidly pace the room; even then, he was often observed, suddenly to stop short, and heave convulsive sighs, as if his heart was breaking. Often, when in these lamentable moods, would he throw himself at the feet of his master, look up at him, as his only protection, and hope; and the generous *Count*, never withheld his sympathy, or his aid: but, on all occasions, evinced the utmost solicitude, and readiness, to extend to his mute, and confiding friend, all necessary comfort, and relief.

Our hero, often wished to know the story of this incomprehensible youth; and had interrogated him in *writing*, more than once, on the subject; but, it was evident, that the page was

on the reserve, for he ingeniously evaded every inquiry: and, it seemed, as if some extraordinary misfortune, was connected with his real character; and involving his secret history, in impenetrable obscurity: but, what that calamity was, must now be reserved for future explanation. At present, we can only say, that when urged to unfold himself, he was very much agitated: his feelings, however, he kept to himself:—they were not to be explained, nor can they be described.

Meanwhile, other matters drew the attention of the *Count:* Lady Charlotte, was the object of his unceasing solicitude; she occupied all his thoughts; and full of anxiety about her, he passed many an uneasy hour. Hitherto, he had forborn to question the page, concerning her: nevertheless, he was now fully bent on discovering her retreat; and, one one occasion, when they were sitting together, one evening, holding a conversation in *short hand writing*, as was their custom, after a pause, he inquired, "if Lady Charlotte, had left France?"—The answer was, "*that wherever her destiny led her*

through this vale of tears, her spirit was always with them.".....There was more in this reply, than reached the ear; and the *Count*, sensibly touched, in the ardour of the moment, wrote the following effusion:—

Charlotte, shall I forget the hour,
When first thy angel mind I knew?
When sympathy with magic power,
Taught me, my better self to view!
But, Charlotte! gentlest of the fair,
Tell me where is thy retreat?
With thee alone, my heart I'd share,
For thee alone, that heart shall beat.

How sweetly down life's peaceful stream,
Might we in blissful union move?
Happy as when the poet's dream,
Transports him to the realms above!
But, Charlotte, gentlest of the fair,
Tell me where is thy retreat?
With thee alone my heart I'd share
For thee alone, that heart can beat!

But, if thou art for ever fled!
And never shall again be mine,
Say that, when number'd with the dead'
Thy lover's dust, shall rest with thine!

Then, Charlotte, gentlest of the fair,
I shall have found, thy *blest retreat ;*
With thee alone, my heart I'd share,
For thee, that heart had ceased to beat !

The Page, was leaning over the back of the *Count's* chair, when a sudden exclamation of joy, burst from his lips. Our hero—who fancied, he heard the voice of Lady Charlotte—started! The Page, hurried forward ; and snatching up the lines, addressed to her Ladyship, he rapturously pressed them to his heart; and put them into his bosom.....As he did this, turning towards the *Count*, he threw back the clustering locks, which partly concealed his face—and now, all the splendor of peculiar, and matchless, beauty was revealed !

Our hero, seemed surprised : he looked at the Page, with an immovable eye : but the youth, could not meet his steady gaze : and bending down his head, to hide his blushes, he hastily left the room.

As he disappeared from the door, the *Count* felt, as if his own spirit was departing with him ! He passed a long interval, in deep and

silent thought. His heart, indeed, was strangely affected: he hardly understood his present sensations. Images, of past times, floated in his mind: besides, there was a mild benevolence in the countenance of the Page, that raised ideas of the purest virtue; he also thought, that the general character of his face, resembled Lady Charlotte. The Page, was certainly not unlike her: the colour of his hair was the same —his smile was like her's—even the mole upon his cheek: in short, the *tout en semble*, of this interesting youth, was calculated to revive, and keep in memory the idea of ONE, "*though absent, ever dear!*"

This likeness to Lady Charlotte, no doubt, made our hero, take a new interest in the Page; and on a sudden, he felt raised to that pitch of felicity, which a person might be supposed to enjoy, on believing, that the spirit of a departed friend, had assumed a new form, to watch over him.—At this instant, he was attracted by a painting in his room, which he had not observed before. It was a female figure, with robes floating in the wind; and hair dishevelled,

standing on the brink of a precipice; ready to plunge into a torrent, which flowed impetuously beneath. Under the sketch, the following lines, were written in a hand, which he well knew: it was that of *Lady Charlotte!*

> Oft while the unthinking world is wrapt in sleep,
> My sable genius tempts me to the steep—
> In fancy's view, bids endless horror move,
> A barren fortune, and a hopeless love!"
>
> ***Blacklock.***

The *Count* possessed, under a grave, and cold, exterior, a warm heart; and whatever appealed to nature, and imagination, always interested him. Nay, he sometimes, was attracted by the merest trifle; if there was any appearance of the mysterious, or sentimental, connected with it. This, may be observed by the reader, from the eccentricity which marked his various essays, in the different characters, which he assumed. He would, as *Ignatius Sancho* said, walk seven miles in the dog-days, to be acquainted with an oddity. As a proof of this, he spent at one time, several weeks in endeavouring to ascertain the author of a

manuscript poem, which he found, one morning, in the *Louvre*. It was as follows:

THE PILGRIM.

As on the banks of Hoang-ho—
A stranger urged his weary way,
Not knowing whither he should go—
Fearful, at every step, to stray.

The night came on; he stopp'd, and paused,
While wolves, and tigers raised their cry—
He felt the pain, his folly caused;
And with a long, and deep-drawn sigh—

Ah! woe is me, the stranger cried,
Why did I leave my native home?—
This comes alas! of human pride,
Else wherefore should I wish to roam?

Along my native *Barrow's** side,
I safely wandered up and down—
Life passed, just like its silv'ry tide,
I fear'd nor fortune's smile nor frown!

But hearing, from a travell'd fool,
The wonders of the world abroad—
I suffer'd pride to over-rule,
And lure me from my calm abode.

* A beautiful, and celebrated, river, in Ireland.

In search of knowledge, long I've toil'd,
O'er many a surge, and many a shore :
But, find my every effort foil'd,
Tho' *half life's pilgrimage is o'er !*

Then, wherefore need I further go ?
This earth's a dreary waste to me—
But, in the bed of Hoang-ho,
Close the career of misery !
He said, and plunged into the dark blue stream !
The cold awoke him—for, 'twas but a *dream !*

CHAPTER XVIII.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;..it had a dying fall!
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breaths upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.

Shakspear.

It was then, the close of evening: that intermediate time, between day and dark, when a kind of a divine light, might be said, to have gilded every scene..... Our hero, reflecting on the many strange occurrences,

that had lately taken place ; sat down before a large window, which commanded a southern aspect; and looked towards the banks of the *Seine*, and some of the principal bridges. He was naturally pensive, and fond of reflection ; and while he was thus musing, his attention was arrested by sounds, not unlike the ætherial harmony of the musical glasses: an idea of which no pen can give. It was a combined melody, like that of the lute, when accompanied by a voice.

There is something almost supernatural, in the impression, produced on the mind, by music. It awakens recollections, we wish to forget. If it causes melancholy, it conveys a sensation of pleasure; perhaps, the most exquisite that can be imagined. This we cannot express: we can only *feel* its power. The heart beats quicker in listening to it ; the blood circulates more freely, as we become more capable of enjoying it: the vacuum of life is filled up : our ideas are multiplied, and we experience a feeling of active existence within us, not to be defined.

In the state of mind, produced by those deli-

cious sensations, the *Count* walked into an adjoining room, which was appropriated for a study. Here a rich, and various, association of ideas, also presented itself; from the numerous and precious specimens of science, and literature, that adorned this curious, and intellectual apartment. Books, Maps, Globes, Mathematical and Musical instruments, were to be seen in different parts: but what caught the attention of our hero most, was a sketch, copied from a drawing, designed by himself; and given to Lady Charlotte, on their first acquaintance. It was a *portrait of Friendship weeping, chaining a slumbering Love*, with the motto,

> "Love, cruel love! 'tis friendship that chains thee,
> Tho' thou art unconscious of it!"

Lying near this, upon the table, were some lines, which appeared hastily written with a pencil; upon the back of a print: they were as follows:—

THE TEMPLE OF SOLITUDE.

Deep in the windings of a wood,
Sacred to peace and solitude,
Far from the dull impertinence of life—
A mossy temple stood;
Whose owner, free from wordly strife
Ne'er suffered fell misfortune to intrude.

Whatever pious votaries went
To this retreat, with pure intent,
The Rev'rend hermit joyfully received—
He shun'd the specious way
By which incautious youth had been deceived,
And taught them virtue's dictates to obey.

'Twas here, when oft by care oppress'd,
To sooth the sorrows of my breast,
I lessons from the hoary hermit took:
Who wise by suff'ring grown—
Studied, with utmost care creation's book,
And made the occult sciences his own.

From him, the *arcanum* I obtain'd
The profitable secret gain'd—

For which the world so long has toil'd in vain:
That whatsoe'er our lot—
If happiness below we would attain,
Content must bless our palace, or our cot.

Having finished the reading of the above, the *Count* felt a new, and strange, sensation, something undefinable, now occupied his mind—and he relapsed into one of those reveries, in which he sometimes liked to indulge. The music which had ceased, was now repeated, and he thought it sweeter than ever! It came nearer: he paused: listened attentively; and paused again! A sort of identity, took possession of his thoughts: and in a state of great excitement, following the sounds, he went towards the chamber of the Page; which was at the end of a long corridor, that looked into the garden. The window was open, and our hero perceived underneath, a company of *Savoyards*: who were then celebrated in Paris, for a species of music, characteristic of their country. Their musical instruments, were *Pandean* pipes, dageolets, a viole, and a tambourine; which,

though by no means perfect, as to the laws of harmony ; they modulated at will, into whatever cadence they pleased. Added to this ; they had the sweetest of all instruments, the human voice ; and performed their wild, romantic ballads, with such inimitable sweetness, and *pathos*, that, the very music, seemed as soft, as as the modern Italian language itself ; though it was conveyed, through the *Patois* of their native country.

The *Savoyards*, continued to play, for some time ; and when they moved away, the *Count*, finding that the Page had gone out, to take an evening walk, in the *Luxembourg ;* without waiting the return of his young friend, he retired for the night.—

CHAPTER XIX.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Shakspear.

A mind generous, and susceptible, that has drank deep of the cup of adversity, is capable of quick, and lasting, impressions. The late interview with the Page, and its concomitant circumstances, greatly affected the feelings of our hero; and caused him some very painful sensations. Every reflection, brought with it, some new and distressing association. After a short review of his present state, the *Count*

became impatient ; he saw the capital unfavorable to his enterprise, and that scene, and plan, must be changed. He, accordingly, determined, on the following day, to depart to the South of France, which he intended to make the arena of future operations ; and there, openly avow himself, in name, and character. As a farther encouragement, he happened, at the time, to receive letters from that quarter, strongly recommending the measure ; which he considered, an auspicious coincidence. Big with ambition, and golden hopes, he proceeded on his destination ; but had not gone far on his way, when he was apprised of an event, that electrified France ; alarmed Europe ; put the Bourbons to flight, and discomfiture, and once more roused, and fixed, the attention of mankind ; it also stopped the march of our adventurer ; and cast a lurid gloom, over all his blooming prospects. The *Count* now surprised and confounded, at this extraordinary change of affairs, knew not where to turn, or what to do. He saw his plans marred—his resources limited ; his situation critical, if not desperate

—time was short—danger fast approaching—fears, and apprehensions, coming thick upon him; and he must, at once, decide! To cope, or quarrel, with Napoleon, was out of the question: but, being a man of talent, and address, with a mind ready to accommodate itself to circumstances; after a short deliberation, he thought it the more prudent course, to have an interview with the Emperor. This took place: it was short, and cursory—on horse-back. Some explanations were made, on both sides; certain stipulations were mutually proposed, and accepted: in fine, the *Count* retraced his steps to Paris, where Napoleon had arrived some time before him. But, how did he find Paris, at his return? What a magical change a few hours had made in that capital: a few hours ago, calm, tranquil, silent; pursuing the usual routine of avocations—But now, all was tumult, wonder, and agitation! The air rent with shouts, and acclamations, of joy, greeting the return of the Emperor—the Bourbons, in full route, and consternation: one soul seemed to animate the universal population—had the city emerged

from an earthquake, the joy of the nation could not be more intense, or exuberant. A great and gallant nation, singing the *PÆAN* of what she fondly hoped, their deliverance, by their beloved Emperor, from the bigotry, and stupidity of an effete and sottish dynasty, is what, with pleasure, "*heaven itself surveys.*" But, no blessing here, is perfect or lasting : and France was doomed, soon again, to fall the victim, of the impious combination, of foreign bayonets, and domestic treason, and corruption.

The *Count* took great interest in the scenes now passing, and teeming with important results, preparatory to placing *Louis XVIII.* a second time on the throne of France. Who could contemplate them with indifference ? A dreadful blow must be struck ! An awful concussion must take place ! A mighty Empire must be won and lost ! ! The competitors *toto cælo* different in every point of view, individually, and in resources. One endowed, in the highest degree, with talent, energy, spirit, and experience : that majesty of thought, and action, and generosity of soul, which constitute what

Homer entitles Agamemnon. "A GOOD KING, and MIGHTY WARRIOR." The other, an old imbecile voluptuary, sunk for a quarter of a century, in exile, and obscurity: better fitted, by nature, and habits, to direct the measures, and *manœuvres*, of a kitchen, or larder; than of a field, or Cabinet. This latter, supported, by the united array of the rest of Europe, or rather of all Europe, without exception, since the friends, and subjects, of the heroic Napoleon, permitted themselves to be corrupted, into truants and traitors, to him, and their country. The former, with a mine of domestic perfidy, and treason, ready to spring on him, at every step. Is it then, to be marvelled, that with such an array of power, corruption, and treason against him, the puissant Napoleon should give way, to a bloated, unwieldly, inert epicure, with scarce the power of sense or motion?

Napoleon was the greatest warrior, that ever went before him: and the most worthy of the crown and Sceptre of a great, valiant, and ingenious people. The genius of France will ever hold his name most dear: he raised her to a

pitch of glory unprecented on the scale of nations. Vast as were his military projects, the arts of war alone could not engross the capacity of his mighty mind: "*fama minervæ quam mati,*" the arts, and ornaments of peace, equally flourished, under his genial, and fostering sway: and if a competition were now instituted, as, we are told, formerly was, at the tribunal of Minos, sure are we, that he would carry the palm of precedence, from Scipio, Hannibal, and Alexander. He fell, for he was human—he is by some reproached: it is easy to blame the unfortunate; but, is it equally generous, or just? his merits, and achievements, ought to be fairly balanced, with his foibles, and his failures; and perhaps, the former would be found, to have great preponderance.

CHAPTER XX.

What mighty ills have not been done by *Woman?*
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? *A Woman.*
Who lost Mark Antony the world? *A Woman.*
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in Ashes? *Woman,*
Destructive damnable deceitful Woman!
Otway.

Amongst those extraordinary circumstances, which, but seldom, take place in the world, may be numbered those that passed in France, during the interval of Napoleon's escape from *Elba*, and the battle of *Waterloo*. This period has been designated, THE "HUNDRED DAYS:"* and indeed, it well deserves a name,

* The page of History, is alike open to all; and the narrative and the "*Hundred Days,*" which, we hear lay before our readers, though a COMPRESSED account; is critically correct, in point of historical fact.

by which it may be distinctly, and emphatically adverted to, in the History of Europe : as exhibiting a succession of events, out of the ordinary course of human occurrences ; such as might be considered arising from occult causes ; and producing effects, so entirely novel, and unforeseen, as to baffle all calculation; or drawing just, or probable, conclusions, even from the evidence of our senses. When the history of these *three* short months, has been read over, and reflected upon ; it may be sufficient to prove to the most hardened, and incorrigible, infidel, that there is an over-ruling Providence, which orders, and directs, all things, for the good of mankind.

We now come to detail, briefly, the circumstances, which led directly to the enlargement, or escape, of Napoleon from Elba. It will be recollected, that his retirement from public life, and the surrender of the throne of France, was by compromise. He was to have 50,000 *Louis* per annum, with the *Island of Elba*, of which he was to remain in quiet possession, as Lord Paramount. This was guaranteed by

the settlement at *Fontainbleau.* Here, he accordingly took up his residence; as will be recollected by all our readers. But, the restless spirit of the ex-emperor, was far from brooking a state of degradation. He soon repented the surrender he had made, *per force;* though in favour of his own son, the young King of the Romans. From the first week of his exile, he contemplated the breach, both of his engagement, and bondage. He kept up a private correspondence with several of his former friends, and adherents; and amongst the rest, with *Prince Eugene Beauharnois:* who, though he resented, in some measure, the base conduct of the Emperor, in arbitrarily, and unjustly, repudiating *Josephine;* yet still felt, as if his own future prospects, might be destroyed, by the overthrow of his step-father. *Beauharnois*, had at an early period of his Viceregency, formed a connexion with an *Italian lady*, of high birth, and extraordinary accomplishments; but full of art, and a perfect mistress of intrigue: and was a pupil, of the celebrated Lady Hamil-

ton, while at the Neapolitan Court.† This young lady, set it down in her own mind, that marriage would have exalted her to the rank of a princess, and placed her beyond the power of persecution ; which she had experienced, in a great degree, from her family—which felt themselves degraded by her attachment—and being

† This most accomplished, and extraordinary woman, and Miss Horatia Nelson, went over to France, as passengers, in the same packet, with the *Reverend Doctor Kentish,* and his family.* She however, remained in Calais; and on the successes of Napoleon, and the subsequent events, attending the new order of things, preparatory to the reign of the "HUNDRED DAYS," when the Reverend Doctor Kentish, and his wife, and children, (then on

* The REVEREND DOCTOR KENTISH, of Ramsgate, and his *amiable lady,* were the particular friends of the author, when at *St. Omers's,* in France, in the year, 1814. And she takes this opportunity, of acknowledging, with *deep gratitude,* her indelible obligations to them, for their kind hospitality, and protecting care, of her, when in a *foreign land;* which, to her latest moment, she will never forget. *Truth,* is no flattery; and it is but justice to add, that the *Reverend Doctor Kentish,* as a *dignitary* of the Church of England,) is an example worthy of imitation: for, it is well known, that he *practised* the GOSPEL, which he preached—as a husband, as a father, as a friend, and pastor!

recognized *only* as the mistress of *Beauharnois*. This, however, never took place. *Eugene*, knew the lady too well, to trust his happiness in her keeping; and having contracted a marriage with the princess of———, discarded the wily Italian; having settled on her, what he deemed, a sufficient provision. However, this

their way to England,) returned from *St. Omer's*, to Calais; Lady Hamilton, still resided there; having never left that place, from her landing; which was nearly twelve months. Here, worn out with disease, and remorse—she died, under circumstances the most humiliating, and melancholy: and was buried, at the expense of the English gentlemen, who happened to be on the spot, at the moment: from their respect to the memory of the gallant Nelson. This fact, affords a useful lesson: We behold a woman, who had been the intimate companion of crowned heads, heroes, and statesmen; sunk into, almost, the lowest state of female degradation, and actually expiring, for want of the common necessaries of existence!

"How different this, from *Merton's* proud alcove."

Amongst the many accomplishments of Lady Hamilton, was a happy facility of imitating the costume, of every country in Europe, by the simple aid of a *shawl*, which she changed, and fashioned, into all possible varieties, of taste, and fancy. I never saw any person, possessing the same powers; except an Italian, who used to exhibit, in one of the theatres, at Paris.

heedless and improvident heroine, soon dissipated the property, which had been lodged in the bank of Venice, at her own disposal: and having dashed away, for nearly five years, she found herself, reduced to the necessity, of becoming an adventurer in the TON, at Paris; and attached herself, to the *ci-devant* Lady Belinda *Haut-ton*, Marchioness of Belmont, for a support! Here then, we find her, in the latter end of the year, 1814. At this time, Napoleon was busied, in building fortifications at Elba; for the purpose of lulling, and deceiving, the allied Sovereigns of Europe; and inducing them to relax the razor of their vigilance on his conduct. They imagined, that the wily *Corsican*, was only amusing himself: but, it appears from the result, that he was deeply engaged in digesting plans for his escape; and seizing once more upon the throne of France. At this period, Major————, an officer of high character, in the British service: was the nominal guardian of the imperial exile: and from the natural generosity of this gentleman's

disposition, he was more calculated to be an agreeable companion, than a spy. The consequence was, that Napoleon paid him every attention, courted his company, on all occasions; and at length, so ingratiated himself into his confidence, that every secret *trait* in the characracter of the Englishman, became developed; and he was more the *protegé* of the Emperor, than his jailer. Amongst the numerous foibles of this young man, was a passionate, and unconquerable admiration of female beauty; and without ever having formed a serious attachment, he had been the slave of pleasure from his very approach to manhood. It was only in those intervals, when rigid duty precluded the possibility of indulgence, that he suffered himself any relaxation from his favourite pursuit: and even then, he often sighed, amidst the "din of war," for an opportunity to gratify his ruling passion. Napoleon perceived this propensity; and well knew the advantage he might gain by contributing to its gratification. He had heard of the fascinating powers, as well as the depraved disposition, of the *Signora Clementini*

di Milan: and, at once, resolved to sacrifice the young Englishman, to his future projects of ambition. He accordingly wrote to *Beauharnois*, and to one of his agents, then at Paris; to send this lady, who was now, as it were, under the protection, of the Marchioness of Belmont, forthwith to Elba. Arrangements were made accordingly; and she arrived, *as on a visit* to *Madame B*————, who was already in the secret of the Emperor. Time passed, in a rapid succession, of what might be deemed, domestic amusements, because pursued under the roof of the Emperor, all possible decorum was observed—at least, affected. *Signora Clementini*, was the soul, and centre, of all! She sung, and danced; played at *ombre*, *chess*, *dominos*. and *piquet*, with the Major. She was the companion of his walks, and of his rides: in short, she was the sole object of his thoughts, and partner of all his amusements, public, and private: nor could he enjoy a moment's ease, when absent from her fascinating society! Thus, months passed away, in a round of "*Folly's mad career:*" and they seemed, as but a day!

However, there is a period to all human enjoyment: and frequently, at the very moment, when we reckon on security—an unthought of —an unlooked for *something*, comes to blast our happiness! *Signora Clementini*, had gained the *point*, which Napoleon had anticipated: she had *bewitched* the Major! and now was the time, to try the force of her enchantment. The lady pretended to take some offence, at the Major's conduct towards her: and left the island, *secretly*, in a sloop, which the Emperor, had ordered to Leghorn, for the purpose of bringing over some stores, which he pretended to be in want of! The *beautiful Italian* was gone, as if without the privity of any individual of the household; and with her had fled, the happiness, of the bewitched Major! He became almost frantic, and in a moment of thoughtlessness, resolved to follow her; for the purpose, as he avowed, of inducing her to marry him, and return to Elba! The Emperor, favoured his intentions, by offering him the use of a *felucca*, which was instantly accepted, with gratitude; and the ill-starred *Briton*, became a

willing victim, to French, and Italian duplicity!

He left Elba, and on the very night of that day, which beheld the Englishman relinquish his charge; Napoleon embarked, with his faithful followers, in a brig, which had been named, very appropriately, *l'Inconstant:* and in six small vessels, as transports, which had been hired for the purpose; and waited off the island to take them on board:—soon afterwards, as will be seen in our subsequent narrative, he made good a landing at Antibes, on the coast of France.

CHAPTER XXI.

Love with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power
Above their functions and their offices.
Shakspear.

In our previous narrative, we have acquainted the reader, with Napoleon's escape, and landing:—his march from the coast—his interview with the *Count*—his arrival in the capital—the astonishment, and alarm of Europe—the surprise, and exultation, of the French nation; and the flight of the Bourbons, to the frontier!

In the last chapter, we have shewn, the art, address, and means, by which he planned,

and accomplished, his return, once more, to the French capital. Here, we see, the consummate subtlety, and caution, of Napoleon; his surprising sagacity, in searching, and finding the characters, and dispositions, of those about him; and the talent, and promptitude, with which he made their qualities, or inclinations, subservient to his purposes. It is this surprising power, of discerning the merits, and abilities, of his ministers, and agents; and suitably directing them, in co-operation with his own matchless energy, and prowess; that gained him, and the French nation, such ever-green laurels, such imperishable renown; collected the admiration of mankind upon them: and made them the terror of Europe! But, he failed at last. He did not forsee, or control, the perfidy of those, who basely deserted, and betrayed, their king, and country; and are not ashamed of surviving the sight of the enemy, in their capital, or in dread of those execrations, which mankind, from the beginning of the world, unanimously, pour on the wretch, "*qui vendidit patriam auro.*"

Napoleon's sly, and calculating, flexibility—the calmness, and facility, with which he could accommodate himself to necessity; are not the least remarkable, of his surprising, and singular qualities. *Napoleon*, who so often fought, and conquered—the hero of LODI, MARENGO, AUSTERLITZ, and JENA—the second conqueror of the tremendous ALPS, the modern Hannibal ——*Napoleon*, who had kings, and potentates, at his feet—who crumbled thrones, and created them; and turned Europe upside-down—Now an exile, on the Isle of Elba; guarded by an effeminate fribble of an officer, does not disdain to stoop down awhile, to equal terms, with this feeble man: to ferret his character, and inclinations; and see how he could turn them to his purposes. He finds, that Love, that conqueror of gods, and men! Love! cruel, indomitable Love! was the tyrant, the driver, and task-master of the Major!

Napoleon, as the reader has been told, was not slow in taking the necessary measures; he soon *captured his keeper*, and discarded him.

If in this nineteenth century, there live, any

so sceptic, as to doubt the mighty power of love; here, is unequivocal proof of it. Love, that has already played so many pranks, and done so much good, and evil, in this world! Love! like bribery, levels all distinction. His stern severity, regards not the tenderness of youth, nor the gravity of the sage! Age, sex, rank, station, are indifferent to him. Civil, military, Church, or state; his ruthless sway, knows no mercy! The fierce rulers of land, and sea, bow before him! Love, caused the invasion of Troy, and the ruin of Ilium! To love, Rome owes the origin of her greatness, and the empire of the world! To love, we owe the invasion, and thraldom, of our dear native country: and the torrents of evil, not yet abated, that flowed from that deplorable calamity.* To love, *Napoleon* owes his escape; his keeper, his disgrace; and the HEROES of WATERLOO, their deaths, and their glories!

Having spoken thus much of Cupid's omnipotence, his influence in the disposition of

* We allude to Irish History.

affairs, great, and small; particulary those of France, and all Europe, at that period; we shall make a few observations, on the restored family; and on the power, and interests, Napoleon had now to contend with.

CHAPTER XXII.

Can such things be, and not o'ercome us,
Like a summer-cloud, with special wonder?
Shakspear.

The situation, in which *Louis XVIII*, was now placed, was particularly difficult, requiring not only the highest abilities, but also a peculiar fore-sight, and delicacy, in the application, and management of them. Those, therefore, who well knew *Louis* himself, and who were not disposed to conceal his defects, or failings; but who, at the same time, were the friends of the Bourbons, and of the new order of things in France; were not by any means certain, that

his reign, would be permanent, or tranquil. These apprehensions, arose from well known circumstances. The new King, was naturally passive, inert, imbecile: quite destitute of the firmness, and energy of mind, and body; so indispensible, in every man, that pretends to sovereignty, especially, of the French people; much more in their then circumstances; but above all in competition with the *heroic*, and admired *Napoleon*.

The Bourbons, were indignantly expelled; an awful example was made, by the summary, and sanguinary vengeance, taken on their demerits, and disabilities. However, the extreme unfitness of *Louis*, might, in a great measure, be supplied by a proper choice of ministers. But here, again, *Louis* had a part to act, full of difficulties, and dangers; for it may be supposed, that the emigrants, who surrounded him, and had followed his fortunes, in the time of his adversity, should have obtained a considerble portion of his favour, and confidence.—And, indeed, it must be allowed, that these emigrants, were not distinguished either for ex-

perience, talents or prudence ; and without any breach of candour, it might justly be questioned, whether the trials they endured, had taught them wisdom: for they avowedly returned, in the train of hostile swords, and bayonets, and actually invaded the French people ; breathing vengeance, and pregnant as ever, with all the haughty prejudices, and offensive pretensions, which originally caused their expulsion. The greater part of the French army, particularly the imperial guard, had never joined against their chief, in the opprobrium, with which he had been loaded by some of the French. Such were the feelings of the majority towards him ; that his name, and the imperial eagle, were bound to their minds by a tie of indissoluble affection : they felt, that they had an important share, in the establishment of his glory, as a warrior ; so they deeply, and intensely, sympathised in his overthrow, and misfortune. But, the greater body of those who felt not so generously, reflected, with deep regret, on those days of conquest, and of glory, when the plunder of

invaded nations, supplied at once, their love of luxury, their avarice, and their rapacity. To the hopes, enjoyments, and military fame, of those heroes of the Eagle, who made war, and rapine, the prop, and comfort of life ; the fall of Napoleon, had given the death blow. Indeed, the whole of the French army embraced, one opinion : that, they alone, constituted the majesty of the nation ; and, that the rest of the people, were little better than *automatons*, in the order of the state. Their chief, was well aware of the dispositions of the military ; and their readiness to obey his mandates. He confided in their attachment, and as soon as a favourable opportunity presented itself, he put his fortune to the hazard, at once ! And moral causes, combined to favour the success of the enterprise.

The Bourbons, on their restoration, adopted, and indulged in, a course of contumelious conduct,* and expression, towards the French

* The following observations, appeared in one of the public Journals, soon after the Restoration of *Louis the XVIII.*

"We observe, from several documents before us, that the dis-

people ; which clearly evinced, the mean, and intolerant spirit, which had cost them, so dearly, was not even mitigated, much less, subdued by their sufferings. This tended to lower them still more, in the eyes of a people, who, so far from being hearty, in their cause ; looked with suspicion, and odium, upon the whole race: they now considered their very name, as the *watch-word* of alarm, and horror: and loaded them with every species of reprobation,

gust of the French people to the Bourbons, is increasing every day ; and were it not for the occupation of the country by the British troops, there would soon be an attempt to change the order of things.—No persons on earth could have had a better opportunity of conciliating a people, than the present family, on their restoration: but unfortunately, they neglected, or despised the means."———One instance of this,—the author of this work, was herself an eye witness of :

On a visit which the *Duc de Berri* paid to *St. Omer's*, the nobility, who were at the time resident there, particularly ladies, had prepared to give him the most cordial, and flattering reception at the government House, where great expense had been gone to for his entertainment, and accommodation.—On entering the grand saloon, perceiving an assemblage of all the rank, and fashion of the place ; he turned to one of his attendants, and in a very haughty and petulent tone, desired to be led " to some place, even the breadth of himself, where he could be retired !"———There

and abuse. They had been excluded from the sovereignty, and the country, five-and-twenty years; and the kingdom, had been since, without recognizing them, or their pretentions.

It is obvious, from this great truth alone, that nine-tenths, of the acting part of the community, came into being, during the auspicious absence of the Bourbons; who were never

had been a week's preparation, at the expence of about 300l.—for the sole purpose of doing honor to a junior branch, of the family of the newly restored monarch:—this was the first, and only visit of the duke, during the residence of the narrator—he staid about ten minutes in the place, and then, *sans cérémonie,* left the company to entertain each other.—What made this the more extraordinary was, that *St. Omer's,* had been always remarkable for its attachment to the Bourbon family; and on this occasion, all the municipality, army, and navy, attended by order of the governor to receive the Prince, aud to greet him.

While visiting the coast, the *Duc de Berri,* stopped at *Calais:* he went to the theatre, where observing that an old French officer had not joined the audience, in crying out *vive le roi;* he went to the Box, tore off the decorations of honour, which the Colonel, (for such he was) wore; and trampling them under his feet, offered every insult to the owner——the next day, however, finding, that the Colonel was *deaf,* and of course not aware of the circumstance, the Duke had to make an abject apology.

heard of, by them, but as objects of ridicule, contempt, or hostility. The people, did justly, and sincerely rejoice, that, even for five-and-twenty years, they were relieved from a hideous incubus, that oppressed their country, paralysed its energies, and checked its resources. Accordingly, France, delivered from her thraldom, developed her mighty energies, and powers ; every noble feeling, was roused ; every faculty, got a sphere of action ; and a series of such brilliant events followed, as must have flattered, beyond measure, the national vanity, and the self-ambition, of bold, and aspiring, spirits.

Meanwhile, those princes had achieved nothing, by any act of magnanimity, to endear them to the people, or to exalt themselves, in their opinion, or recollection. On the contrary, as it was said, " they fled to live ingloriously ; and had taken refuge among the enemies of the French nation." But the power of France was overthrown ; and they then returned, like vultures, or beasts of prey, from their dens, and recesses, to gorge, on the fallen carcass of a gallant, generous, though then prostrate, na-

tion: not recalled by the voice of the peole; nor re-instated, by their enthusiasm, or their wishes; but by Russian, and Prussian, armies; who seated *Louis XVIII*, upon the throne of his ancestors. During his absence, the condition of France had been altered internally; as much as in its exterior relations. The *Noblesse*, who were the possessors of property, rank, and office; had lost all, when the reigning family were displaced; and their titles, and places, were bestowed upon others, whose talents, or eminent services, had obtained distinction, and thus deserved the elevation they reached: for part of the new reign was, to reward merit only. The state of Society here, was changed indeed! Innumerable individuals had purchased property, which was supposed to have been transferred, at various periods of the Revolution: nor should we forget, that the Revolution—notwithstanding the many atrocities, miseries, and private injuries, of which it was productive; did much essential benefit, to the people *en masse*. Tyranny had been entirely destroyed by Buonaparte!! or at least

was confined to conscription, and the establishment of that military rank, which commanded the undivided admiration of the great body of the people: and dared only exercise its influence, on hostile or conquered countries.

The receiving a Sovereign, at the mandate of the Allies, might be called a humiliation—and the re-accession of the Bourbons, was considered, even by the well-disposed towards the family; in the light of an act of oppression, and insult, on the part of foreign monarchs; and in a general sense, the feeling on the occasion, was deep and universal. Also, it was obvious to every man of consideration in France, those whose interests naturally opposed the return of the King; that their estates, privileges, and dignities, would by that event, under inevitable circumstances, revert to the emigrants, and to the Nobility of France, as the original possessors.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only Hope.

Shakspear.

Such was the critical state of affairs, on the restoration of the present family, to the throne of France, in April, 1814. The general feeling was alarm, though the virtuous part of the community, were attached to the person of the King; and felt a proper confidence in him. As

to the Allies, it was evident, they acted on the broad scale of European politics. It was not the lawful right, or inheritance of the Bourbons, but the expediency of concluding a speedy peace with the Government of France, that influenced the offer of the Crown to *Louis*, which he accepted; assenting in substance to all the conditions, with which that gift was accompanied. He became by this act, a Constitutional King, at once. Nethertheless, he set out by styling himself *Louis XVIII;* and though unacknowledged by the nation, called the first year of his accession, the twenty-first of his reign. As if he did not recognize the invitation by which he was brought to France, he openly declared; that "he owed his throne, after God, to the *Prince Regent of England.*" Thus, he began; first, he had a monument erected, to the perpetual remembrance of deceased emigrants; and conferred favour, and distinction, by a special grant, on the family of the notorious George Cadoudal, who, for the special purpose of assassinating the former sovereign of France,

had come into the country.* Afterwards, he refused to sanction the liberty of the press, which on his arrival, he had solemnly promised; however, with this provision, that loyalists alone were to have their productions circulated freely, and without molestation. So much, for favour, and affection; or rather marked partiality, shewn by the King, on political subjects. The appointments, to foreign embassies, were conferred, almost exclusively, on persons of ancient family; and *Louis*, had an edict proclaimed, for the establishment of colleges or schools, to be opened by subscription, for the support and education, of the young nobility; to which no names of lower rank, could be admitted.

These dawnings, of the new reign, were deemed rather inauspicious; and exhibiting no very flattering specimen of the temper, and

* The conduct of Sovereigns, in granting rewards to vice, cannot but excite horror—they should, however they may approve the thing; at least, pretend to discountenance every breach of honor, and humanity.

character of the Bourbons. The French, were indeed, of old, well aware of the tyrannical spirit, that animated that incorrigible race; but, they did hope, that five-and-twenty years' tuition in the school of adversity, had softened and subdued it; this was a vain hope, for every act and expression, by which they could now develope their old prejudices, and partialities, was indulged. They pretended to date their present reign, from the deposition of *Louis XVI.*—the dauphin having succeeded his father, and reigned four years. By the same modest fiction, "*Louis l'de sir*," for so his *XVIII.* Majesty, was misnomered, had, at his lamented accession, already governed the French people, in full sway and prosperity, for one-and-twenty years. He protested against all the acts, done in his absence, during the period of his most ignoble exile; thus proclaiming the French people, to have been nothing but rebels, and insurgents; all that time. These monstrous, and impudent presumptions; were equally absurd, and offensive: calculated to excite the ridicule of all men, but, the special

scorn, and indignation of the French nation. It also shewed, that the Bourbons, were a species "*Sui generis*," ungenial, indocile—that during their humiliating exile, they learned no good, forgot no evils; and that the fools, they went to Dover, the same they came over.

It was, indeed, heart rending, and mortifying, to a great, and renowned people; to find themselves thus oppressed, and calumniated; without redress, by such a man; after a quarter of a century's uninterrupted series of wars, and conquests; that covered France with laurels, and her heroes with glory!!

But, the erection of exclusive and separate colleges, was not all. There were many other galling, and perfidious infractions of the charter, thus rendered offensive by this ungracions promulgation. The *droits reunis*, the abolition of which had been promised with much apparent sincerity; was exacted, and enforced with rigor. Nay; a variety of taxes were levied at the discretion of the Chancellor; though the royal patent declared, that no supply should be raised, but by the suffrage of the Chamber of Repre-

sentatives. The same charter had covenanted, in like manner, that all law courts should remain as they were; until altered by the consent of the Legislature: yet the King, after proposing to the Chambers, the new modelling of the Court *de Cassation*, but perceiving, that as the design was in the very teeth of justice, and law; it was not likely to be adopted; he himself, of his own authority, and in opposition to justice—law and the Chambers, prorogued their sitting— re-organized the Courts—abolished some tribunals—dismissed judges, and other functionaries—and committed without remorse, or control, such other acts of oppression, and disorder; as his caprice, and despotism suggested. Thus demonstrating, how well disposed he was, to make the French people, again bleed, under the iron rod of the Bourbons. But, we shall leave it to wiser heads than ours, to observe on the injustice, and insanity of such headstrong, and arbitrary proceedings. Perhaps, those strong measures, were unavoidable: however, they had in them the principle of offence, to the former government; and cer-

tainly, were calculated to alarm, and disgust the feelings of the nation at large. It was an act, which revived the remembrance of the original despotism of these princes; in the minds of the generation which had witnessed the horrors of the Revolution, and the causes that led to that terrible catastrophe. The prevailing sentiment towards the Bourbons, on the present occasion, was universal detestation. In a word, popular discontent was created every where, and even those who would be neutral, were converted into decided enemies.

The former dynasty of the Bourbons, was intimately connected with the system of taxation, and feudal tyranny. This was recollected by all who had experienced its severity; and the rising race, were now so oppressed by arbitrary exactions, that they naturally associated the name of *Louis*, with all the evils so bitterly complained of by them, and their fathers: and in truth, the old system of letters *de cachet*,* were

* It must be allowed, that the system of the Bastile, was calculated to paralyse even thought..... It might be called a

humane, and lenient; when compared with the cruelty and despotism, by which the sovereign rights, were enforced at this time.

living sepulchre—for human bodies, were literally entombed alive! Its gates, once entered, might be said, to be impassible as those of death itself; and its gloomy inhabitants, thus lost to the world: thus cut off from friends, from social life, and hope! an existence so much out of nature, was like a *drop-scene*, between time and eternity!..... Even during the reign of Louis XV, the gross iniquity of the system of letters *de Cachet*, was a prominent feature of the despotism of France. In England, they excited a feeling of horror, and execration among all classes of society—for even the most ignorant there, were acquainted with the value of civil liberty, emanating from a sound Constitution. The disgraceful traffic of the liberty of the subject in France, was certainly carried on to an excess: *Lettres de Cachet*, were bought and sold with blanks, to be filled up at the pleasure of the purchasers; and many a victim to private revenge, and other sinister views, have been torn from the bosom of home and family, to be immured in the dungeons of the Bastile, where they frequently died by secret means. †

† "The Princes of *Armagnac*, who were confined in the dun-

The writer was acquainted at *St. Omer's*, with a gentleman who had been a victim of this sort of intrigue. A *Chevalier de Galanterie*, who had been rejected by the wife of this gentleman, purchased a *Lettre de Cachet*, for the purpose of furthering his views, by putting the husband out of the way—he remained in prison, several years; and when he was liberated by the destruction of the *Bastile*, he found that his wife and the gallant, were no more.

Such was the state of parties, and politics, in France, when Buonaparte, after his compulsory abdication, and banishment to the Isle of Elba —projected his return, in order, to resume his imperial crown.

It was Talleyrand's opinion, and advice, to the King, not to grant the smallest power to the Marshals, who had all risen to rank, and for-

geons of the Bastile, were placed in holes, sunk in the stone-work into the form of sugar-loaves, terminating in points, so constructed, as to deprive their feet of rest, and their wearied and tortured bodies, of all possibility of repose; from this miserable situation, they were taken twice a week, to receive the scourge, under the inspection of Philip *L'Hullier*, then Governor of the Bastile; and at the end of every three months, they had one or two teeth wrenched from their jaws. The elder of these Princes, at length went mad; but the youngest was happy enough to be delivered from this dreadful incarceration, by the death of *Louis* XI. And, from his records, dated 1483, we have obtained these facts, which never could have been credited, nor even imagined, without so positive evidence."

Hist. of the Ancient Government of France, by the *Comte de Boulainvilliers*, Let. 14, vol. 3. p. 226.

Le Comte de Boulainvilliers says, Letter XIV; that, "The Bastile was chiefly appropriated to such prisoners as it was determined to destroy, either by the apparent forms of justice, or by the more summary punishment of the *Oubliettes;* which last

tune, under Napoleon. At the same time, there was a broad line of distinction, to be drawn, between some of these. Oudinot, Clarke, and Marmont, were men, who cherished every honorable feeling; and their characters were without stain, or reproach: but the names of Soult, Suchet, Ney, Massena, and Davoust, branded, as they were, throughout Europe, for the excesses, and cruelties, which they had committed,

was much in use with *Tristan l'hermite, Prevot de l'Hotel,* and favourite companion of *Louis XI.* This man, of execrable memory, was, himself, judge, witness, and executioner. It was his custom to cause those victims, whom the king delivered into his hands, to pass over a spring-trap, into which they fell, on wheels, armed with spikes, and cutting instruments: a milder fate was allowed to others, who were either drowned, with a stone suspended round their necks, or strangled in their dungeons. In this manner, did the tyrant assassinate above four thousand persons."

"During the stay I made at the Bastile," (says the *Comte de Boulainvilliers)* "I could not obtain a sight of the Chamber *des Oubliettes.* But, I saw the Chateâu *de Ruel,* which was the pleasure-house of the Cardinal *de Richelieu,* which still retains the name of the Cabinet *des Oubliettes.* That cruel minister, caused the persons whom he meant to sacrifice to his vengeance, to walk into his chamber; wherein they had scarce set foot, when the floor opened by a spring, and they perished, in a profound, and horrid abyss."

formed a striking contrast. The honour of France; moral feeling; and a regard to public decency; combined with the general interests of mankind; should have led the new government, to make this distinction; especially, as one, upon which depended its own immediate security; instead of trusting power with men of such flagrant, and sanguinary notoriety.—*Louis*, should as soon have thought of recalling *Billaud Varrennes*, from *Cayanne;* or nominating *Barrere*, and *Mehée de la Touche*, to appointments of confidence, in the state. It was scarcely to be supposed, that persons, who had enriched themselves, by plunder, when in the service of Buonaparte; would be satisfied, to vegetate, in quiet possession of merely what they had obtained. But, this opinion, was not countenanced, by the warm manner, of the Marshals' adhesion to the Bourbons. However, experience has abundantly shewn, that habit, becomes a sort of secondary nature; and that soldiers, who make war like robbers, must be unhappy in tranquillity, and retirement; and have neither eyes, nor ears, for any thing, but

plunder, and the din of arms. Be it as it may, the Bourbons thought differently, for they thought with the levity of Frenchmen. That vanity, which is but too characteristic of the nation, was, perhaps, the main-spring of their undue confidence in its military reputation—This might be expected. That they felt as *Frenchmen*, was natural; and they began to pride themselves on the glory, which France had acquired, under the banners of Napoleon. But, it might be owned, and lamented, that much of this boasted glory, was the fruit of excesses, and cruelties, on both sides, shocking to humanity: the nature of things, cannot be altered; and such, however, to be deplored, is the practice of fierce, unsparing war, from the beginning of the world Not, that we dispute the honour of the French army: they have given proof of it, when honour was no where else to be found in France: the army of the tyrant Robespiere, refused to murder their English, and Hanoverian, prisoners, at his command; and would not stain their swords with the blood of defenceless fellow-beings.

Then, indeed, the civic, and chivalrous spirit, of that brave body of men, which had been cherished by Kleber, Pichegrue, and Moreau, was deservedly the pride, not only, of France, but of all Europe. Buonaparte, however, with the views of one who aimed at empire, changed their character, To make them fit instruments, to bring about the purposes of his ambition; he corrupted the soldiers—he allowed them, sometimes, to pillage without limit, or control; and indulged them in very great excesses—he gorged them with blood, and massacre, till they became the most ferocious, and wicked, of the human race, and the scourge of Europe.

It is too true, that they ran loose, in towns, and villages, to hunt down their fellow-men. Neither age, nor sex, were spared! and now, at the first call of the huntsman, they were ready to assemble again; fierce, and keen, as ever for the sport.*

* "Shew me the skeleton of a French countenance," said *Lavater*, "and I shall distinguish it, from that of every other

That Napoleon, when he took leave of his old guard, on his banishment to the island of Elba, had this re-assemblage in contemplation, is beyond a doubt, from the following characteristic, and very remarkable, harangue:

" During twenty years," said he, " that we " have acted together, I have been satisfied " with you. Pity not my fate. I shall be *happy*, " when I know that you are so. I might have " died: nothing would have been more easy " for me: but I still wish to pursue the path of " glory!! What we have done, I will write. " I cannot embrace you all, but I will embrace " your General. Come, General! Let the " eagle be brought to me, that I may also " embrace it!! Ah, dear eagle! may the kisses " which I bestow on you, resound to posterity!"

nation, by the lines of perfidy, and treachery!" This declaration, of the enlightened Swiss, seems to have been prophetic:—it is well known, that he received his death from the hand of a French soldier, who assassinated him, in his own house, at Zurich.*

* We beg to say, that we by no means, subscribe to the opinion of the celebrated Physiognomist, in a *general sense.*

Such language as this, could not be forgotten. Buonaparte was now in exile, at Elba; and his banishment was rather a stimulus to the attachment of his partisans. The negligence of the European governments, and the situation of the island, also favoured any plan of correspondence, or escape; while the secret enemies of *Louis*, had combined, by every treacherous machination, to frustrate his hopes, and facilitate the designs of his antagonists.

Meanwhile, Napoleon, passed the time of his exile, in social, and condescending intercourse, with the Elbese. He entertained them with routs, and *assemblées;* and acted towards all, in the most conciliating manner. He formed the plan, and directed the embellishments, of a rural *château;* together with other works of apparent utility; and often amused himself, in viewing the English frigates, as they passed. He affected to shew the greatest predilection, as was said before, for the society of the English Commissioner; and had received innumerable visitors, of various ranks, and nations. But, on the arrival of some friends, who had

just left the French capital, and brought with them the *Italian Lady*, mentioned before; a marked change was visible in his temper, and manners.—He became gloomy, and restless; shut himself up from society; and totally neglected the improvements, he had been making in the island.*

* At the end of February, the public journals inform us, that the English Commissioner was absent from Elba, on important business—this was the moment for Napoleon's escape, and he accordingly availed himself of it——so far, the fact bears out our *tale of fancy.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.
Shakspear.

It may not be amiss, in this place, to give a more particular account, of the manner of Napoleon's escape from Elba; which, though we are writing what may be deemed a work of fancy, should bear upon the well known facts of the day: especially, when so eminently calculated to excite, intense curiosity, and interest.

At Genoa, and Leghorn, he had purchased some small feluccas: at Naples, he was provided with some ammunition: and he got a few arms from Algiers, as is supposed.

Every thing *tout arrangé*, he gave a *féte*, on the 25th of February, to his little court; at which he relaxed from his reserve, and appeared quite affable, and cheerful. The following day, he inspected his small force, namely, seven hundred men, of his old guard; three hundred Corsicans; and one hundred and forty Poles; and after the dismiss, issued his orders for them to prepare for immediate service; and to be present, on the same parade, at six o'clock in the evening. At that hour, all were assembled, according to orders: he suddenly formed them into a circle round him; and disclosed, at once, his intentions; and having represented, that it had been the consolation, and delight of his retirement, to form his faithful followers, to discipline, and the glory, and valour of soldiers: he exhorted them, now that fortune favoured them, with an opportunity, to prove themselves worthy of fame;

and the confidence of their General. He stated, that not with free will; but compelled by an overwhelming foreign force, he had surrendered the sovereignty; and also asserted, that he was called at this time, by France, Belgium, and Italy, to resume the imperial crown. The schemes, and divisions, of the Grand Alliance, were his next topic: this he endeavoured to establish, with all the point, and energy, so peculiar to Napoleon. He *bonâ fide*, maintained, that it was dissolved. He brought forward the jealousies, and personal views, of its members; that all good faith had been broken: that Italy, Germany, and Poland, were, at once, deceived! enslaved! and sacrificed! to Russia, Prussia, and England, who had divided the spoil between them: in fine, he asserted, that Saxony was crushed, and had ceased to reign! and that though the three hundred thousand men, whom, the severities of the climate in Russia, had rendered prisoners, had been recovered by France; insult, and beggary, was the reward of their toils: as they now wandered destitute, and persecuted by the

Bourbon government, for their well known attachment to the imperial throne.

"And will not these men," he continued, "return to the General, who remembers them "as ardently, as he is remembered by them? "—Fellow-soldiers, comrades in glory, and in "arms! for such you are about to become; "judge of them, as you would judge of your- "selves, and answer me from your feelings, "whether my brave soldiers, will pass over to "my enemy, and theirs; or whether again, "seeing my standard shining in the sun, and "my imperial eagle, again elevated in its own "skies, they will not re-seek their standard, "their eagle, and their General; and again con- "duct them to the throne which belongs to "them.—What are the Bourbons to them, or "us?—Who is there, in France, that at all "remembers, but recollects at the same time, "their mad extravagancies, and their contemp- "tible debaucheries?—In the course of three "hundred years, did they add an acre to the "French territory, or an unit to the lasting "glory of the French name?—Are these kings

" for the French?—No! comrades,—the age,
" and the people, demand another kind of
" leader.—What say you, soldiers?—Are you
" prepared to follow me, and to partake my
" fortune, my glory, and, if they should arise,
" my perils, and my labours?"

This animated, and animating speech, which inspired every thing calculated to inflame martial enthusiasm, was received, and answered, with the most ardent acclamations of applause; and declarations of attachment, and fidelity: and Buonaparte, once more, at the head of his little army, led them, at that moment, to the place of embarkation. He left behind him, a proclamation, which will be found in the margin.*

* " General Lassi, Governor of the Island of Elba, Chamberlain
" of his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon, &c. &c.

" Inhabitants—your august sovereign is called, by divine Pro-
" vidence, to his ancient glory, and has left this island, of which
" he has confided the command to me, and the internal govern-
" ment, to six of your most distinguished fellow-citizens; to your
" own tried attachment, and valour, he leaves the defence of the
" place, and the maintenance of good order. 'I leave,' said he,
" 'the Island of Elba, highly satisfied with the conduct of its in-

The army of the Elbese Empire, as before stated, amounted to about one thousand, one hundred and forty men; its navy consisted of the brig *L' Inconstant*, mounting twenty-six guns, with six small *feluccas*, and under the auspices of this tiny force, Napoleon, once more, determined to contend the sovereignty of Europe. But the time had gone by! Irrevocably gone by!! His little army was embarked at eight o'clock: a cannon was fired, as the signal of departure; and they sailed away, for the shores of Gallia, shouting, " *Victory, or*

" ' habitants.—I entrust to them the defence of the island, to
" ' which I attach the greatest importance.—I cannot give them
" ' a stronger proof of confidence, than in leaving, after the de-
" ' parture of the troops, my mother, and my sister, to their care.
" ' —The members of the Junta, and all the inhabitants of this
" ' island, may rely on my affection, and special protection."—
" Inhabitants, this is a most fortunate, and memorable epoch,
" for you: upon your conduct, alone, depends your glory,
" and future felicity; continue to obey implicitly, the orders,
" which the public authorities may have to issue, under these
" circumstances.—Rejoice Elbese, and do not allow yourselves to
" be contaminated by the pestiferous insinuations of the enemies
" to good order."

Porto Ferrajo, 27th February, 1815.

death ! ! Every thing now seemed auspicious: —wind, a stern-tide was favourable, and a clear, beautiful night! The *English Commissioner was absent!* No cruiser, appeared disposed to interrupt the progress of Napoleon; though some trading, as well as other vessels, were seen in the offing. Suspicion was lulled, by long, and successful *manœuvreing;* for Buonaparte, was in the habit of making excursions to the neighbouring islands: and had frequently sailed in his own brig, to Genoa, and Leghorn, and visiting the English ships. Hence, the cruisers, at this crisis, paid no particular attention to his flag. At day break, the wind died away; and they were yet, between Capraia, and Elba,—But, towards noon, a breeze sprung up, and in four hours afterwards, they were off Leghorn. Here, the Zephyr, a ship of war, appeared in sight; and they ran a-long-side of each other. But, Napoleon had his men concealed between decks; and in case of detection, they had orders to board the enemy! He was well aware, however, that a little address, might parry off the danger; and a Lieutenant

of the *Inconstant*, named *Taillade*, who was personally known to Captain Andrieux, by Buonaparte's directions, hailed the Zephyr, and with assumed carelessness, according to the usual form, demanded whither the vessel was bound? The reply was to Leghorn. It was then inquired by the Lieutenant of the Zephyr, in his turn, where the *Inconstant* was going? *Taillade* promptly said to Genoa; and at the same time, offered his old messmate, some friendly courtesies; and intimated, that he would with pleasure, undertake any commands of his, that he might have to execute; and he also gave him a cordial invitation, to come on board his vessel. The stratagem completely succeeded: the Captain was deceived; and pleading want of time, took a polite leave of his old friend; and giving all his sails to the wind, the two brigs were soon out of sight of each other. The breeze continued fair, during the night; and on the morning of the 28th, a seventy-four gun ship, was espied, at a distance of four leagues. It did not seem to notice the *Lilliputian* flotilla, which as it sailed on,

presently discovered the road of Nole; and in a few hours, Antibes appeared in view! They entered the gulf of Juan, in the department of Var, before day break, on the first of March. Napoleon had walked the deck, all night! He mustered his men, with the first light of the morning; and having ordered the cockade of Elba, to be thrown into the sea, his followers received, from his own hands, the national colours; which were greeted, with triumphant shouts, of "*vive l'Empereur.*"

A small battery lay before him; and he sent forward twenty-five of his old guard, commanded by a veteran leader, to take possession of the place; as he deemed it most likely, it might annoy the landing of the troops. But, this post was found deserted, or at least, unoccupied. In fact, it would seem, there was nothing to impede, or intercept this enterprising hero; for all hitherto, was auspicious.

On reaching the shore, Napoleon triumphantly, and as if elated, with all the anticipations of success, brandished his sword in the air; and was the first to bound upon the French

territory! This was an important moment! Perhaps, the most critical of his perilous, and eventful life! The die was cast! The *Rubicon passed!!* No longer room for retreat, or repentance! And it must be owned, that Napoleon was not known to be much disposed to indulge in either: however, he seemed now to be aware of his most precarious, and interesting situation. The blood suffused his pale cheek, and he raised the hat from his head in silence—for, at that instant, he could not bring his tongue to pronounce the word: "*Paris, or death!*"—But, the spirit that beamed from his eye, spoke more forcibly, than a thousand tongues! He looked down for a moment, as if he felt, like one in whose mind was passing some awful boding, some mighty change! then raising his eyes towards heaven, he exclaimed, "*There is an end of the Congress!!*"

The entire of his little force was now landed —the air rung with their huzzas, and acclamations! French horns were blowing the notes of victory! and as the rejoicing phalanx, who were in the rear, came up with the commander;

each soldier hailed him, with enthusiasm, which was re-echoed, with loud shouts by the whole army! And now, drawn up in front of Antibes, Buonaparte's veterans appeared, like a moving cloud, gilded by the meridian sun.—He took up his position upon an advantageous ground, and disposed, and extended his line, so as to suggest the idea of a large, and formidable force!—He then commanded a trumpeter to sound a parley; and sent an officer, with twenty-five men, into the town, with arms reversed, bearing an invitation to the governor, to join his standard.

We are thus particular, in giving every thing connected with *Napoleon's* landing, and march to Paris; as forming an appendage to the "*Hundred days;*" and though it may appear tedious to the idle, and trifling reader, it cannot fail of finding an interest with every person, who has ventured to think at all, upon the "*dark, and terrible philosophy,*" which governed, almost every circumstance, connected with the actions, of the hero of our tale. The commander of the town, refused to listen to the overture, and imprisoned the visitors! A se-

cond officer shared the same fate! A third, was, however despatched, to claim the prisoners; and command the Governor to surrender! under threats of the severest punishment! During this time, and undetermined what measures to take, for future operations; the troops had orders to encamp on the shore; near a vineyard, which belonged to an old member of the *Legion of Honor:* who had been discharged, and pensioned by Napoleon; and who now rendered them very important services.

While in this situation, Buonaparte had a visit from an *extraordinary Personage;* who told him, that his way should be made smooth again, to the throne of France! that, however, he should lose it once more—and * * * * * At this moment, the conversation was interrupted, by the arrival of a messenger, who said, all was tumult, on the news of the Emperor's arrival! and that the roads were crowded with people, from all parts of France, to hail his return!!

From this place, he began his march, under cover of the night; and got away from Antibes

unmolested. Continuing his progress to Cannes, his unexpected presence there, occasioned, at once, joy! astonishment! and alarm! The effect was *electric*, throughout his progress! In short, it was a brilliant scene, even though it were only illusion: for the imagination to dwell upon.—Highly wrought, sudden, and strange, it resembled something magical, and unparalleled!—Nor do we read in the history of the world, any thing which can bear a resemblance to it! The *Veni*, *Vidi*, *Vici!!* great as the effects they produced, fell short of the present. Where a potent empire was immediately wrested, and recovered, without a battle! Nay, without a *single shot fired!* or a blow struck!!

CHAPTER XXV.

Am I afraid of death, of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
Have I met death in all his forms and fears,
Now on the points of swords, now pitch'd on lances,
In fires, in storms of arrows, battles, breaches,
And shall I now shrink from him?

See Beauties of Shakspear. Book I. p. 211.

Napoleon, at the head of his faithful followers, moved on before the wonder-struck multitude. Every eye was fixed on the HERO, who with the determination of the fearless, and effective soldier, breathing in every look, seemed the very spirit of enterprise. HE dashed forward, with a sort of sweeping im-

petuosity; but when arrived at *Grasse*, found that the inhabitants had all fled, in consequence of a report, that a body of pirates, were coming on, with an intent to pillage the country, and destroy it, by fire, and sword. The truth, however, was soon made known, and the populace returned in crowds; and, on the Mayor having refused to furnish the rations, required by Buonaparte, for the soldiers; they opened their houses, and supplied them most liberally. According to the best historical documents, the Emperor travelled, in the first day, twenty leagues. He passed the night, on the 3d. of March, at Bareme; and was at Digne, on the 4th of the month; where he was received by the people, as at Cannes, with enthusiastic professions of eternal devotion! The rapidity of his movements, was such, that leaving the main-body of his army to follow, he pushed on with only a few horsemen, galloping all the way under the bright light of the moon. He arrived at Gap, on the 5th: and there first issued his proclamations, which are deservedly deemed

excellent specimens of military eloquence ; for which he was so remarkable.*

Bay of Juan, March 1st, 1815.

* " NAPOLEON, by the Grace of God and the Constitution of the Empire, Emperor of the French, &c. &c. &c.

TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

" FRENCHMEN !—The defection of the Duke of Castiglione " delivered up Lyons, without defence, to our enemies ; the army " of which I confided to him the command was, by the number " of its battalions, the bravery and patriotism of the troops, which " composed it, fully able to beat the Austrian Corps opposed to it, " and to get into the rear of the left wing of the enemy's army, " which threatened Paris.

" The victories of Champ Aubert, of Montmirail, of Château " Thierry, of Vauchamp, of Mormains, of Montereau, of Craone, " of Rheims, of Arcy-sur-Aube, and of St. Dizier ; the rising of " the brave peasants of Lorraine, of Champagne, of Alsace, of " Franche Comté, of Bourgoin, and the position which I " had taken on the rear of the enemy's army, by separa- " ting it from its magazines, from its parks of reserve, from " its convoys and all its equipages, had placed it in a desperate " situation. The French were never on the point of being more " powerful, and the flower of the enemy's army was lost without " resource : it would have found its grave in those vast coun- " tries which it mercilessly ravaged, when the treason of the Duke " of Ragusa, gave up the Capital and disorganized the army. The " unexpected conduct of those two Generals, who betrayed at " once their country, their Prince, and their benefactor, changed " the destiny of the war. The disastrous situation of the enemy " was such, that, at the conclusion of the affair, which took place

Napoleon, on the 6th, set out for Grenoble. At St. Bennett, he was met by the inhabitants,

" before Paris, it was without ammunition, on account of its se-
" paration from its parks of reserve.

" Under these new and important circumstances, my heart was
" rent, but my soul remained unshaken. I consulted only the in-
" terest of my country. I exiled myself on a rock in the middle
" of the sea. My life was, and ought to be, still useful to you. I
" did not permit the great number of Citizens who wished to ac-
" company me, to partake my lot. I thought their presence
" useful to France; and I took with me only a handful of brave
" men, necessary for my guard.

" Raised to the throne by your choice, all that has been done
" without you, is illegitimate. For twenty-five years France has
" had new interests, new institutions, and new glory, which
" could only be secured by a national government, and by a dy-
" nasty created under these new circumstances. A Prince who
" should reign over you, who should be seated on my throne, by
" the power of those very armies, which ravaged our ter-
" ritory, would in vain attempt to support himself, with
" the principles of the feudal law; he would not be able to reco-
" ver the honour, and the rights, of more than a small number of
" individuals, enemies of the people; who, for twenty-five years,
" have condemned them, in all our national assemblies. Your
" tranquillity at home, and your consequence abroad would be
" lost for ever.

" Frenchmen!—In my exile, I heard your complaints, and
" your wishes; you demanded, that government of your choice,
" which alone was legitimate. You accused my long slumber;
" you reproached me for sacrificing to my repose, the greatest
" interests of the country!

" I have crossed the seas, in the midst of dangers of every kind:

who assembled round him. The bells, *now those of joy*, were rung; and the populace

" I arrive amongst you, to resume my rights; which are yours. " All that individuals have done, written, or said, since the cap- " ture of Paris, I will be for ever ignorant of! It shall not at " all influence the recollections, which I preserve, of the impor- " tant services, which they have performed. There are circum- " stances, of such a nature, as to be above human organization!

" Frenchmen!—There is no nation, however small it may be, " which has not had the right, and which may not withdraw " itself from the disgrace, of obeying a prince, imposed on it by " an enemy, momentarily victorious. When Charles VII. re- " entered Paris, and overthrew the ephemeral throne of Henry " V. he acknowledged, that he held his throne by the valour of " his heroes; and not from a Prince Regent of England. It is " thus, that to you alone, and to the brave men of the army, I " account it, and shall always account it, my glory, to own every " thing."

" (Signed) NAPOLEON.

" By the Emperor:

" The grand Marshall performing the functions of Major-Ge- " neral of the grand army."

" (Signed) Count BERTRAND.

Gulph of Juan, March 1st 1815.

" Soldiers!—We are not conquered: two men risen from " our ranks betrayed our laurels, their country, their prince, their " benefactor!

" Those, whom during twenty-five years, we have seen, traver- " sing all Europe, to raise up enemies against us! who have pas- " sed their lives in fighting against us, in the ranks of foreign ar- " mies! cursing our fine France!! shall they pretend to

offered to accompany him, *en masse*. But, this proposal, he declined, in a gracious manner.

" command, and control our Eagles! on which they have " not dared ever to look? Shall we endure, that they should " inherit the fruits of our glorious labours! that they should clothe " themselves, with our honours, and our goods! that they should " calumniate our glory? If their reign should continue, all " would be lost; even the memory of those immortal days. With " what fury do they pervert their very nature! they seek to poi- " son, what the world admires; and if there still remain any de- " fenders of our glory, it is among those very enemies, whom we " have fought on the field of battle!!

" SOLDIERS! In my exile I heard your voice: I have arrived " through all obstacles and all perils: your General, called to " the throne, by the voice of the people, and educated under your " banners; is restored to you! come, and join him!!

" Tear down those colours, which the nation has proscribed; " and which for twenty-five years served as a rallying signal to all " the enemies of France. Mount the cockade tri-colour! you " bore it in the days of our greatness!!

" We must forget, that we have been masters of other nations; " but we must not suffer *any* to intermeddle in our affairs.

" Who shall presume to be master over us? Who would have " the power! Recover those Eagles, which you had at Ulm! " at Austerlitz! at Gena! at Eylaw! at Friedland! at Tudela! " at Eckmuhl! at Essling! at Wagram! at Smolensko! at " Moscow! at Lutzen! at Varken! at Montmirail!! Do you " think, that the handful of Frenchmen, who are now so arrogant, " will endure to look on them! They shall return whence they " came; and there, if they please, they shall reign, as " they pretend to have reigned during nineteen years. " Your possessions, your rank, your glory: the possess-

Here, he received intelligence, that the troops at Grenoble, were in motion, to oppose his pro-

" sions, the rank, the glory of your children; have no greater " enemies than those princes, whom foreigners have imposed " upon us. They are the enemies of our glory; because the re- " cital of so many heroic actions, which have glorified the people " of France, fighting against them, to withdraw themselves from " their yoke, is their condemnation.

" The Veterans of the armies of the Sambre, and the Meuse, " of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the West, of the grand " army, are all humiliated ! Their honourable wounds are dis- " graced; their successes were crimes; those heroes were rebels; " if, as the enemies of the people pretend, the legitimate sove- " reigns were in the midst of the foreign armies.

" Honours, rewards, affection are given to those who have " served against the country and us.

" SOLDIERS ! Come and range yourselves under the standards " of your Chief; his existence is only composed of yours; his " rights are only those of the people, and yours; his interest, his " honour, his glory; are no more than your interest, your honour, " and your glory ! Victory shall march at the charge step ! the " Eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to " steeple ! even to the towers of *Notre Dame* ! ! Then you will " be able to shew your scars, with honour ! then you will be able " to glory in what you have done ! you will be the deliverers of " your country ! ! In your old age, surrounded and esteemed by " your fellow-citizens; they will hear you with respect, while you " recount your high deeds; you will be able to say with " pride,——

" And *I* too, was part of that grand army, which entered " twice the walls, of Vienna ! those of Rome ! of Berlin ! of

gress. But, this account, did not, in the least, intimidate him ; and well aware, that his own appearance among the French soldiers, would fight better for him, than a host of swords ! He called his advanced-guard round him, and communicated the information he had received ; and said, in a voice of thunder !! " let them advance ! *we shall meet them* !" The men had orders to march, during the night; and at the village of Mure, they were met, by the advanced-guard of the troops, from Grenoble ; who were pouring, in great numbers, to oppose Napoleon.

The leader of these adherents of Buonaparte,

" Madrid, of Moscow ! and which delivered Paris from the foul " blot, which treason, and the presence of the enemy imprinted " on it.

" Honoured be those brave soldiers ! the glory of the country ! " eternal shame to those guilty Frenchmen ! in whatever rank " fortune caused them to be born, who fought for twenty-five " years with the foreigner, to tear the bosom of the country ! !"

" By the Emperor, (Signed) NAPOLEON."

" The grand Marshal performing the functions of Major-Gene- " ral of the Grand Army. BERTRAND."

sent forward his herald, to propose a parley; but all communication was prohibited.—Nevertheless, the troops of *Louis*, fell back three leagues, before forty of *Napoleon's* followers!

It was a momentous hour, on which the turn of his fortune hung; and he resolved *for glory or death!*——He drew up his men, that they might stand perfectly firm: and attended, only by two of his staff, hastened forward; till he came within pistol-shot of the troops of *Louis*. He bared his breast, and advancing to the right of the battalions, *with the fortitude of the Roman Cæsar*, raising his voice to the highest pitch of command, exclaimed, "behold *me!*—If there is one soldier among you, who wishes to kill his Emperor, let him come forward from the ranks, and fire upon me!!"——The appeal was sublime, and the effect instantaneous!—"*Vive l'Empereur!!* rapturously burst from the whole army. The soldiers threw down their arms; and embracing Buonaparte's guard, the white cockade was instantly torn off, by the former, and the national colours triumphantly hoisted! Napoleon, thus saluted,

greeted, and reinforced; now, that he once more, found himself on the road to fame, fortune, and glory—with an expression of exultation in his eye, that told more than he thought it expedient to declare; commanded the notes of peace to be sounded; and in the conscious anticipation of victory, led the way to Grenoble.

The tide of success, seemed full, and fair, for the conquest. In the garrison of that place, was the 4th regiment of artillery: the very corps, in which Buonaparte, had first signalized himself; and in which, the memory of his wonderful military exploits, was yet cherished almost to idolatory. Also, the 7th Regiment of the line was here; commanded by Colonel Labedoyere; who, in the face of the most solemn oaths of allegiance, to the King, could, no more than others, resist the presence of the *mighty Napoleon*! and, according to his own confession, misled "by illusions; by recollections; and by false ideas of honour;" at once resolved to join the Emperor; "whose cause," he informed his soldiers, "*was the cause of*

honour, and of the country." The Corps, was well disposed for revolt; and affixing an Eagle to a green branch, he led them on, amid deafening shouts of, "*Vive l'Empereur;*" and hastned, with them to effect his intentions. However, for his attachment to Napoleon, he has since atoned, by the forfeiture of his life.

Napoleon, mounted on a white charger, arrived in the suburbs of Grenoble, in the evening about sun-set. The accession now, of Labedoyere's corps, nearly doubled the numbers of his forces. But, the gates were shut against them. The ever comprehensive mind of Buonaparte, took in with a glance of his eye, what was passing at that moment. Troops and inhabitants filled the ramparts: and seeming to have in view, that which followed, he waved his plume in the air; which, *like the voice of his fame*, seemed to rouse a general spirit. His person, was recognized by the garrison; and a mighty shout, from thousands, rent the skies. The firm earth, shook beneath their feet; and the great multitude suddenly, rushing to the gates, the barriers were thrown open. Napo-

leon, entered the town, amid the most ardent acclamations: he was hailed from every quarter, by the populace, and the soldiers, as *Emperor of the French*!! There was not a dissenting voice: the whole garrison laid their arms at his feet, the white cockade was trampled down; and the Mayor, and civil authorities, offered him their homage!! This was one of the events of the "*Hundred Days*," which has scarcely been equalled in the history of one thousand years. The Commandant-General Marchand, who had refused to deliver up the keys of the town, when formally demanded by the messengers of Buonaparte, was brought before him; but, Napoleon so far from reprimanding him, gave him his liberty; and wished him to assume his authority, as governor of the town. The General's reply was noble. "I may appeal to yourself," said he, "that I once served you faithfully; your abdication, released me from my allegiance to you; and I have sworn fidelity to the Bourbons. Here is my sword, I can again submit to become a prisoner, but I can never be a traitor." Napoleon, red-

dened scarlet deep, at these words ; but, *it was not with resentment.* He held out his hand, to the Veteran ; and evidently affected, said, " General take back your sword. You have hitherto used it as a true soldier ; and I respect you too much, to urge you now, to use it, in any way which your conscience would disapprove. You are at liberty to depart."

CHAPTER XXVI.

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.

Shakspear.

We have shewn our reader, Napoleon's departure from Elba—how he escaped the cruisers—evaded the Zephyr, a King's-ship—and landed at Antibes. How he occupied a fortress in that place—the imprisonment of his two guards in succession, twenty-five men each—how he intimidated the Governor; forced him to surrender the prisoners, and submit. His rapid march from

Antibes, only with a few attendants ; and how he was met, and followed by multitudes shouting, and greeting his return, all the way to Grenoble ; that, the garrison there, still in favour of *Louis*, formed in hostile array to oppose him. How he intrepidly advanced in front ; opened his breast, and called aloud on any soldier, that wished to kill his Emperor, to shoot him ! How this *tremendous appeal* rung the Welkin all round ; and unnerved the whole Corps, who laid down their arms at the feet of Napoleon ! Next day, he transacted business with the civil authorities ; reviewed his troops ; and in full confidence of success, set off post for Lyons.

The regeneration of the garrison of Grenoble, brought Napoleon an accession, of 10,000 men ; with a formidable park of Artillery—himself, *instar omnium*, a tempest of War ; *the true-born son of Mars* : whom no powers could subdue ; no terrors dismay !

However, strange, yet it is true, that no account of Napoleon's landing, and rapid progress ; reached Paris, till the fifth of March ; when the momentous event was announced, by

two telegraphic despatches : which also communicated, that the proclamations, and other documents on this head, which were duly issued by the *Préfects*, and Magistrates of the South ; had all the mean time, lain unread, and unopened, in the bureau of the Minister, of the lower department. At this intelligence, the Bourbons stood aghast ! The throne was certainly surrounded by the friends of Napoleon ; and *Louis* though dismayed, and astonished ; yet easily foresaw, what might be expected. Accordingly the proper measures were taken : *Monsieur*, the King's brother, proceeded by night to Lyons. Messengers were expedited, on all sides, with orders for the troops to *coalesce* ; and form an army of 40,000 men ; including Cavalry ; to be sent to oppose the enemy. The Duke of *Angoulême*, was ordered from Bourdeaux to Rheims, with Macdonald the Duke of Tarentum, (second in command,) to take charge of the royal guard ; which was to be increased from 3800, to 13,000 ; by an accession of forces, from the 8th and 9th divisions.

The *Duke de Berri*,* was likewise impatient to march with the army, to repel the foe; but the Generals who well knew the disposition of the French people towards him, dissuaded him from that intention; alleging that *his* interference would be attended with the most fatal results; having already rendered himself very odious by his savage and insolent behaviour in general; together with some very offensive treatment, to certain meritorious individuals of high military rank. The Bourbons, caused Napoleon to be proclaimed a traitor, in all the departments; and a similar denunciation was fulminated against all who joined him. It would be tedious to detail the whole of the proceedings, amidst these arduous circumstances. Suffice it to say, the Parisians to all appearance, were devoted to the King.—They came in crowds before the *Tuilleries*, and

* The assassination of this most unfortunate, but indiscreet Prince; took place in Paris, in February, 1820. The circumstances attending this, are already before the public; but the event itself, was long expected by the French, from the haughty and intemperate manner, in which the *Duke de Berri* conducted himself—as if forgetting, that he had ever been the child of adversity.

in language of the most studied adulation, assured him of their attachment to his cause, and heartfelt respect for his many virtues ! At the same time, the Mayor and Corporation of Paris, voted an address to his Majesty, which was the most servile and sycophantic ; and nearly similar in flattery, to the language used by the insincere and unprincipled populace. *Louis* with equal duplicity, pretended to be deeply affected by these hollow professions of loyalty ; and to give his subjects full credit for all the tenderness and affection, they expressed towards him. He was heard to say, " my heart overflows with joy ; that my people testify so much affection. I am delighted to behold my children thus surround me."

At Lyons, there was a strong party of Royalists ; but the majority of the inhabitants favoured *Napoleon*. On the day after the arrival of the *Count d'Artois*, and the Duke of Orleans ; *Monsieur* reviewed, and harangued, the troops of the Garrison. The guard of honour, cheered for the King : but the troops of the line, were silent ; till the blasts of a trumpet, were heard

from the suburbs of Guillaterie, which the enemy had just reached : and in spite of the efforts of Macdonald, this intimation, of Napoleon's approach, was re-echoed by the rapturous acclamations of this phalanx. The Marshal, however, persisted in his duty to *Louis* ; and at the head of two battallions of infantry, proceeded against the invaders. At that moment, a troop of the 4th Hussars, of Buonaparte's legion, crossed the bridge, from the suburb ; and came dashing on, followed pell mell, by a vast concourse of people ; enthusiastically shouting " *Vive l'Empereur.*" The word, was the signal for revolt : its effect was electric ! Macdonald's men, threw away their arms ; and rushing forward, embraced the troops of Napoleon ! ! The town was now his : and the French Princes took flight ! ! Buonaparte halted at Lyons ; where he once more, resumed the imperial sceptre. He first annlnled all the decrees of *Louis*: established a new form of organization ; and in his turn denounced all the princes of the House of Bourbon. He dismissed all officers appointed since

his deposition ; seized on the restored property of the emigrants ; abolished the distinction of *Noblesse ;* and banished from the capital, every individual ; civil, or military, attached to the cause of the king.—

Various were the changes he made in the course of a few days. He promised to form a new Constitution, on his arrival at Paris, and ordered all the Electorial Colleges of the Empire, to meet him there, for that purpose. On the 9th of March, Ney presented himself at the *Tuilleries* : again renewed his oath of allegiance to the King ; and pledged himself to bring *Napoleon* to Paris, "*dead or alive ! !*" He was appointed to command the army, at Lous-le-Saulnier ; where he arrived on the 12th. Finding, however, that the troops were wavering, he used every effort to induce them to embrace his measures ; but in vain ! they declared themselves ready to fight—but *only* for *Napoleon* ! ! Ney retired full of agitation, and disappointment ! He was immediately visited by some friends of Buonaparte ; who remonstrated with such force, that the Marshal

listened, and hesitated ; and at length declared for the Emperor ! ! " He had sworn to be faithful to the King ; but his country, in the person of the Emperor, had absolved him !" *These were the words of his defence.* He wrote to Napoleon himself, charging him with being the destroyer of his country ; but proposing to join him ; if he swore to be in future, actuated by principles, which tended to promote the happiness of the people ; and on the following day he published a proclamation to this purpose :

"ORDER OF THE DAY.

" *Marshall, Prince of Moskwa, to the troops under his* " *command.*

" Officers, Subalterns, and Soldiers, the cause of the Bourbons " is for ever lost. The legitimate dynasty which the French nation " adopted is about to reascend the throne ; to the Emperor Napo- "leon our Sovereign, it alone belongs to reign over our fine coun- " try. Of what consequence is it to us whether the Noblesse of the " Bourbons again expatriate themselves, or consent to live in the " midst of us ? The sacred cause of liberty, and of our indepen- " dence ; will no longer suffer under their fatal influence. They " wished to degrade our military glory ; but they have been de- " ceived. That glory is the fruit of attempts too noble, to permit " us ever to lose its remembrance.

" Soldiers— those times are gone by, when the people are go- " verned by the suffocation of their rights : at length liberty tri-

" umphs; and Napoleon, your august Emperor, is about to confirm
" it for ever. Hereafter shall that noble cause be ours, and that of
" all Frenchmen! A truth so grand, must penetrate the hearts of
" those brave men, that I have the honor to command.

" Soldiers—I have often led you to victory; now I lead you to
" join that immortal phalanx with which the Emperor *Napoleon*
" approaches Paris, and which will be here within a few days;
" and then our hopes and our happiness, will be for ever realized.
" *Vive l'Empereur.* "

(Signed) PRINCE OF MOSKWA,
Marshal of the Empire.

" Lous-le-Saulnier, March 13th, 1815."

CHAPTER XXVII.

——————————Such a noise arose,
As shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes.——————

* * * * *

* * * * Such joy

I never saw before.

Shakspear.

The delirium of joy, at the return of Napoleon, was beyond expression. People were surprised and astonished. They could hardly believe, the possibility, of what was passing before their eyes; thanking Providence for such a consummation, their ecstacy knew no bounds! Whenever Napoleon appeared, or

his return was heard of, a regenerating spirit prevailed, and the aspect even of nature seemed totally altered! His movements were rapid, and success, and acclamation attended him "*pari passu.*"

However, an army of 100,000 men was collected at Melun to oppose him. With only 15,000 Veterans, devoted to him, he entered Fontainbleau, on the 19th, and was received with enthusiasm. Reinforcements of horse, foot, and artillery, were now marching, from various quarters, to support him. The whole force under Ney, amounted to 30,000: who with one voice, declared for Napoleon; and pledged themselves to fight for him, and him alone!!

The Bourbons were, however, unwilling to despair. They still had hopes, from the good disposition of the addresses sent up by the troops at Melun, and other garrisons; and were led to believe, that the nation would espouse their cause as its own. On the 20th of March, it was expected the grand encounter would take place: and the royal army was

drawn up in three lines, on the ground between Fontainbleau, and Melun. Now expectation was all awake: the most intense interest was excited : an awful silence prevailed which was occasionally broken by a hurtling din as of preparatory notes of war; or the sounds of martial music, playing "*Vive Henri ! ! !*" and "*La belle Gabrielle ! !*" *Louis's* Chiefs were ready, on the slightest appearance of disaffection in their troops, to abandon their commands: as a moment would decide the fate of the Bourbons ! That moment arrived, no enemy appeared ; and the feelings of the royal army, were turned to the friendly reception of their former adored leader. At this instant, a noise, as if from the trampling of horses, was heard, and an open carriage attended by a very few Dragoons, appeared driving up with rapidity ; it had arrived in front of the advanced posts, when, instead of a challenge, or any attempt whatever, to stop its farther progress "*Vive l'Empereur ! !*" burst from the whole army. NAPOLEON THE GREAT, spread through the ranks, until it reached the main

body, and was re-echoed in *roars* which shook the WELKIN ! ! Bertrand, and Drouet, were seated on each side of Napoleon : who waving his hands, and opening his arms, to the soldiers ; called them his dear friends, and companions in arms : whose glory, and honour, he had come to re-establish ! Discipline was lost ! all order forgotten ! ! the commanders fled ! ! thousands threw themselves before the chariot of Napoleon ! at that moment his body guard descended the hill ; the band playing the Emperor's march ; and exhibiting the Eagles of France, to the astonished multitude.*

* On emerging from the forest of *Fontainbleau*,† the traveller enters on an oblique descent, which presents a clear view of the ground before him towards Melun. On the other hand, those in the glen below, can easily distinguish whatever appears on the eminence.

† The wild rurality of the situation of *Fontainbleau*, may be said, to form a miracle of beauty. The scenery is absolutely enchanting. Woods, hills, forests, rocks, and waters, val eys carpeted with verdure, and blue mountains ; meet in this happy spot, as if to shew, that nature herself is truly inimitable ; and infinitely superior to art. But the Palace of *Fontainbleau*, has nothing particular to boast of, except the prospects from the windows. Immediately underneath, you behold gardens and ponds, bright and shining, here and there, among the groves and plea-

Napoleon thus passed through the entire of the royal army ; greeted at every step, as the *deliverer of his country* He arrived, attended by only twenty infantry, at the *Tuilleries* ; and thus established himself, once more, upon the throne of France, by those means alone, which may be supposed to give security to any monarch—*the love of the people.* This is the grand central Pivot, on which all the events of the " *Hundred Days,*" will be found to depend ; and which had he been satisfied with ; and preserved his situation at Paris, and defended it, without becoming an assailant of the Allied Powers, he might have been to this moment Emperor of the French. But, providence had decreed it otherwise ; and the subsequent occurrences may prove, that all was ordered by

sure grounds. Beyond the forest, which moved by the wind, resembles the sea in eternal motion, with waves succeeding waves; are a chain of hills, with innumerable little rocky pyramids, rising their naked summits above the woods. This terminates the view, while the sun, seen at evening, seeming to descend behind the hills, diffuses a golden blush through the heavens, and adds a beautiful grandeur to the scene.

a wise, disposing Power, in whose hands the fate of Napoleon was reserved, for the fulfilment of its purposes.*

This event was expected at Paris, and the walls of the capital were thronged with people, of every age and sex, to witness the triumphal entry of Buonaparte—who no sooner appeared, than the crowd, with one accord, hailing his return, the words, "*Emperor, hero, and champion of France!*" sounded from the lips of the rejoicing multitude.—Even the centinels abandoned their posts, to mingle in the general rejoicing.—The *Boulevards*, were crowded by

* It appears, indeed, that Napoleon was the victim of that fate which he had provoked.—His treatment at St. Helena, under the *surveillance* of Sir Hudson Lowe, was perhaps, too severe a punishment; but it arose out of the ambition, which induced his overthrow; and thus left him at the mercy of a low-minded, and ignorant agent of superior power.

Whatever may have been the individual views of Napoleon, the the consequences of his government have been most beneficial to the world, having diffused a spirit of liberty, over the face of the whole earth: hence, we may account for the revolutions of Portugal, Spain, South America, Greece, and many others still in embryo.

thousands of the poorer classes, and several platforms were erected in the streets, on which stood, numbers of the higher orders, who, with inexpressible transport painted in their looks, joined with gestures, and voice, in the cries of "*vive l'Empereur!*"—The windows were illuminated from end to end of the city, in the most brilliant manner.—Numerous appropriate transparencies, executed in the best style, and arranged with considerable taste, were exhibited at all the principal houses.—The gates, and porticos, of the public buildings, were fancifully set off, with coloured lights; and some of the principal bridges, particularly *Pont Neuf*, were elegantly decorated with variegated lamps, exhibiting different emblematical designs, with devices.—The Venetian casements, and balconies, were agreeably ornamented with flowers; —and garlands of violets, forming festoons, were suspended in the air.—This had a beautiful effect—whilst the song, the dance, and other noisy diversions of the delighted populace, went forward in celebration of the extraordinary occasion. It was ordered by the

Emperor, that no interruption should be given to the pleasures of the people. The passing of carriages, and horses, were prohibited; and the crowd, knowing themselves safe, giving a loose to their animal spirits, and feelings, at the time; began another sort of amusement, or *carnival*, in which the character of the nation, broke out most conspicuously.—Each person taking a lighted brand, ran about, as though seeking the legitimate family, to kill them: repeating with vivacity, "*Bas les Bourbons!*"——Groups of fidlers joined in this revelry, and the music, and applauses; the *bravo!* heard on all sides, one would say, produced an indescribable impression, which electrified the actors themselves!

While these amusements were going on amongst the lower orders, the public theatres were all alive to the reign of pleasure; Napoleon himself, visited them in succession; and was received with shouts of ecstacy. At the *Theâtre Francois*, when *Madame George**

* A celebrated French actress, who was the most beautiful woman of her day. She is yet, the *Siddons* of France.

(whom report had made a former favourite) came on the stage, in the character of *Juliet;* she delivered the following sentence with great effect——

" Cette lumiere n'est pas la lumiere du jour
Je le sais bien——— ——————————
C'est quelque meteore, que le soleil exhale!"†

† *Juliet.* Yon light is not day light, I know it well;
It is some *meteor* which the sun exhales."

The point contained in this allusion, must appear still stronger, when the reader reflects, that the *rising sun* || is the symbol of the French monarchy. And after the disgrace, which the lady had suffered from the ex-emperor's conduct, at the *Tuilleries*— according to the report of the day—this stroke of wit gives it double force. —It is said, that *Maria Louisa* interrupted a *tête à tête*, by attending, personally, a bell which was rang by mistake, on the Emperor being seized with a fit of epilepsy.

|| In the reign of George I. when Lord Stair was Ambassador at the Court of France, he was invited to a splendid entertainment, given by the Prime Minister, who after supper gave the *rising sun*, meaning his master, as a toast; the Austrian Ambassador was present; he gave the *moon and seven stars*, which were the emblems of his government.—Lord Stair, immediately said, " I'll give you Joshua, the son of Nun, my master, who made the *sun and moon stand still!*"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first.
Shakspear.

We mentioned before, that the *Count de Mauvaise*, had kept Napoleon in view, from the time of his landing at *Antibes*, till he arrived in the French capital; where he still continued to watch his motions.

It seems that the FAIR ITALIAN, *Signora Clementini di Milan*, had also followed the footsteps of the Emperor; and was now, once more, a leader of the *Ton*, at Paris. To this

lady, the *Count*, brought a letter of introduction from the Baron de V———: one of his partizans in the south. It is to be observed, that the Baron de V———, was a well known *Royalist;* he was nearly related to the *Signora;* and although, from family feelings of delicacy, all friendly intercourse had long ceased between them; on the present occasion, however, the *Baron*, did not hesitate to acknowledge her. He recommended the *Count*, to the *Signora*, as his most *particular friend;* and represented him, as a MYSTERIOUS PERSONAGE, under *peculiar* circumstances. Our hero, did not fail to improve his acquaintance with the *fair Italian;* foreseeing, that in the present turn of affairs in France, she might prove a useful auxiliary, towards the accomplishment of his plans: nor was he wrong in his calculation. Suffice it to say, the mystery which involved this *extraordinary Person*, seized on the imagination of the *Signora;*—and giving him a general invitation to her hotel, he became a constant visitor. *Lady Charlotte's Page*, who still continued to accompany the *Count;*

no less attracted the notice of this lady: she was struck by the peculiar character, and talents of the youth; and pleased with the perfect elegance of his manners, and deportment; paid him the kindest attention.—No doubt, his *Italian costume*, interested her.

We have to remark, that the *Count de Mauvaise*, had a great, and complicated part to act, in the drama of the "*Hundred Days.*"..... He re-occupied his former lodging, in the neighhood of the *Rue St. Etienne;* and resuming his former mysterious habits, during the day, usually absented himself, from home, as before; without communicating to any one, *except the Page;* how he passed his time. Mean while, this pupil of the *Abbé de l'Epée*, who, for some private reasons, which shall be explained in the sequel; wished to cultivate his acquaintance with the *Signora Clementini di Milan;* visited her constantly now; and assiduous in his attentions, became quite a favourite. He attended her, in her *boudoir!* wrote her *billet-doux!* nursed her-lap dog; and was generally seen in her *train*, at all the places,

of fashionable resort; which she frequented: She presented him among her circle, as an *accomplished pupil of the Abbé de l'Epée*; and the novelty of *such* a young person, so highly interesting, seemed to excite general sympathy.

Female influence, even in the *political world*, always ran high at Paris; and at this time; the *Signora Clementini di Milan*, who was known to be a confidential favourite of *Napoleon:* her *levees* were well attended; and even *ministers of state*, did not disdain to court her patronage! One of the above Personages, was *Monsieur S———*, a crafty politician: who was deep in the *secret plans*, of the Emperor, his master; he usually passed a portion of each day, in close consultation, with the *Signora;* who, as before mentioned, was quite an *adept*, in political intrigue. The Page, was the sole witness of these interviews; and under the impression, that he was a pupil of the *Abbé de l'Epée*, there was a confident hope, that even if disposed, he could not betray what had passed at those meetings: they therefore, communicated with each other, without reserve, in

his presence. Thus, many *state secrets*, were divulged ; and the *fair Italian*, hitherto, as we have seen, the *able abettor of Buonaparte's escape from Elba* ; again, undertook to facilitate another deep-laid scheme of his ; UPON WHICH HUNG THE FATE OF EUROPE! However, a *counter-plot*, was first to be played off.

The *Count de Mauvaise*, mean while, though absorbed in his own pursuits ; occasionally paid his *devoirs* to the *Signora*. He was intent on obtaining information of all that was going on at court : and was attentive to every thing, that passed, in her circle ; though apparently a mere *silent spectator !*

The Signora, every day, more and more interested, by the mysterious character of this *singular individual*, made several attempts to draw him out ; but he always contrived to elude her snare : and the studied obscurity of his replies, only tended to increase her perplexity. In short, *she was out of her depth*, on the occasion ; and could extract nothing, even from the Page, but that his master, was an

INCOGNITO OF RANK, who would shortly, *announce himself to the world!*

Indeed, it was evident, that something weighed heavily, on the mind of this *Count;* and from the particular circumstances attending him, together with his acting, at this period, as a sort of *spy upon the movements of Napoleon*;—it would appear, as if he were, in a degree, blended with the deepest interests of France; and having some paramount object of self-interest in view, he was resolved to counteract all the projects of his *formidable competitor.*

Louis XVIII. had left Paris, on the night preceding the triumphant entrance of Buonaparte. We shall not touch upon the line of policy adopted by the allied Monarchs, at this crisis of affairs in Europe; further than to refer the reader, to the Manifesto, which they then published.*

MANIFESTO.

* "The powers who have signed the treaty of Paris, assembled at the Congress of Vienna, being informed of the escape of Napoleon Buonaparte, and of his entrance into France with an armed force, owe it to their own dignity, and the interest of social order, to make a solemn declaration of the sentiments which this event

About this period, there was an attempt made to carry off the young King of the Romans.

has excited in them. By thus breaking the convention which has established him in the Island of Elba, Buonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended—by appearing again in France with projects of confusion and disorder, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and has manifested to the universe, that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The powers consequently declare, that Napoleon Buonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations; and that, as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance. They declare at the same time, that firmly resolved to maintain entire the treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814, and those which they have resolved on, or shall resolve on, to complete and to consolidate it, they will employ all their means, and will unite all their efforts; that the general peace, the object of the wishes of Europe, and the constant purpose of their labours, may not again be troubled; and to guarantee against every attempt which shall threaten to plunge the world into the disorder and miseries of revolutions.——And although entirely persuaded that all France, rallying round its legimate sovereign, will immediately annihilate this last attempt of a criminal and impotent delirium; all the sovereigns of Europe, animated by the same sentiments, and guided by the same principles, declare that if, contrary to all calculations, there should result from this event any real danger, they will be ready to give to the King of France, and to the French Nation, or to any other government that shall be attacked, as soon as they shall be called upon, all the assistance requisite to restore public tranquillity, and to make a common cause against all those who should undertake to compromise it."——The present declaration

The plan, it is said, was devised by *Count Montesquieu*; for the purpose of holding a

inserted in the register of the Congress assembled at Vienna, on the 13th of March, 1815, shall be made public.

Done and attested by the plenipotentiaries of the high powers who signed the treaty of Paris. Vienna, 13th March, 1815.

AUSTRIA.....	Prince Metternich, Baron Wissenberg.
FRANCE.....	Prince Talleyrand, Duke of Dalberg, Latour du Pin, Count Alexis and Noailles.
GREAT BRITAIN..	Wellington, Clancarty, Cathcart & Stewart.
PORTUGAL.....	Count Pamela Saldonha Lobs.
PRUSSIA.....	Prince Hardenberg, Baron Humboldt.
RUSSIA.....	Count Rasumowsky, Count Stacekelberg, Count Nesselrode.
SPAIN.....	P. Gomez Labrador.
SWEDEN.....	Lafrenhelm.

* The following Manifesto, is an abstract of the statement issued by Napoleon on the 2d of April: in justification of himself.

"That the treaty of Fontainbleau was not fulfilled by the respective powers, with regard to the Emperor Napoleon and his family, &c. &c. he adduces eight instances, viz:—"1. The Empress Maria Louisa, and her son were to obtain passports and an escort, to repair to the Emperor; but far from performing their promise, the husband and wife, father and son, were separated under painful circumstances, when the firmest mind has occasion to seek consolation and support in family and domestic affections. 3. The Duchies of Parma and Placentia were given in full property to Maria Louisa, for herself, her son, aad her descendants. After a long refusal to put her in possession, the injustice was completed by a complete spoliation, under the illusory pretext of an exchange, without valuation, proposition, or sovereignty, and

pledge, for the conduct of *Maria Louisa*: but the scheme was defeated, by the vigilance of

without her consent. 4. Eugene, the adopted son of Napoleon, was to have obtained a suitable establishment out of France; but he has had nothing. 7. Napoleon was to have received 2,000,000, and his family 2,500,000 francs per annum. The French Government has constantly refused to discharge its engagements; and Napoleon would have soon been obliged to disband his faithful guards for want of the means of paying them, had he not found an honourable resource in the conduct of some bankers and merchants of Genoa and Italy, who advanced 12,000,000, which they had offered to him."——

The subjoined state-papers, present a singular contrast to the particular tone of the preceding document.

LETTER TO THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

"SIRE, my brother— you have, no doubt, learnt in the course of the last month, my return to France, my entrance into Paris, and the departure of the family of the Bourbons! The true nature of those events, must now be made known to your Majesty. They are the results of an irresistible power: the results of the unanimous wishes of a great nation, which knows its duties and its rights. The dynasty which force had given to the French people was not fitted for it. The Bourbons neither associated with the national sentiments, nor manners. France has therefore separated herself from them: her voice called for a liberator! The hopes which induced me, to make the greatest sacrifices for her, have not been deceived. I came; and from the spot where I first set my foot, the love of my people has borne me into the heart of my capital! The first wish of my heart is, to repay so much affection, by the maintenance of an honourable peace. The restoration of the imperial throne was necessary for the happiness of the

the police; and the parties concerned were arrested. The young Napoleon escaped the trap ; and like his father, has been reserved, to fulfil his destinies,

The exertions of the Continental Powers, were at this moment, most active and intense. Every road was crowded with soldiers, in full march.—Corps followed after corps, in dense array ; hastening to the Sombre, and Rhine!

French people. It is my sincerest desire, to render it, at the same time, subservient to the maintenance of the repose of Europe. Enough of glory has shone by turns on the colours of the various nations! The vicissitudes of Fortune have often enough occasioned great reverses ; followed by great success! A more brilliant arena is now open to sovereigns: and I am the first to descend into it. After having presented to the world, the spectacle of great battles ; it will be more delightful to know no other rivalship in future, but that resulting from the advantages of peace ; and no other struggle but the sacred one of felicity for our people! *France* has been pleased to proclaim with candour, this noble object of her unanimous wish. Jealous of her independence, the invariable principle of her policy will be, the most rigid respect for the independence of other nations! ! If such then, as I trust they are, be the personal sentiments of your Majesty, general tranquillity is secured for a long time to come : and justice, seated on the confines of the various states, will, of herself, be sufficient, to *guard the frontiers.*"

"NAPOLEON."

In short, the entire population of Europe, seemed to be put in requisition, for the purpose of putting down *one heroic and redoubted individual.*

CHAPTER XXIX.

———————Turn away my face!
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he: or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath as much as his

Philaster, Act I.

Napoleon, in a few days after his arrival at Paris, addressed the troops, in an oration of some length; in which he inveighed against his enemies; but at the same time, pledged himself to restore the military character, in which, he said, consisted the glory of France.—He

stated, that relying on the love of the people, and the fidelity of his old soldiers, he had ventured to land with only six hundred men: that his most ardent hopes had been realized; and that it was his pride, and his greatest glory, to acknowledge, and spread, the newly acquired fame of his people, throughout the admiring world.—He then appealed from the troops, to the nation at large; and in this address, he ingeniously represented that the intentions of the confederates were pacific: and advanced the most plausible arguments, to prove, that, Prussia excepted, the principal Powers, knew their own interest, too well, to meddle with the destiny of imperial France! The declaration of the Congress, however, appeared, together with intelligence, that *Maria Louisa*, and the King of Rome, had been detained at Schoenbrum, which at once convicted Napoleon, of having practised a certain degree of duplicity:—in consequence of which, a new constitution was demanded by his ministers. To get rid of the unpleasant situation, in which he now found

himself, he agreed to assemble the "*Champ de Mai*," that the different electors, might recognize his title to the throne; and arrange the necessary measures, for the security of the empire. It may be proper, here to observe, that the *Oracle of Truth*, which we mentioned before, still continued to be exhibited in Paris. Napoleon heard of this, and wished to pay a visit in disguise: this he did, on the evening of the day, previous to the commencement of the arrangements, which were set on foot, to meet the people at the "*Champ de Mai.*"

On arriving at the saloon, disguised as a *Capuchon friar*, Napoleon applied to the *Oracle*, to know "*what would become of Louis XVIII?*" The answer to this question, struck him with awe, and astonishment!! "*He was*, "and *is not*, and is !!—Like Napoleon, he "reigned! *ceased to reign*!! and shall *reign* "*again*!! But, the beast with the seven heads, "and ten horns, *will go into perdition*!! *As* "*you are* a churchman, read, and believe!!"*

* What effect this might be supposed to have had, upon Napoleon, is left to the imagination of the reader; but the fact is well

Napoleon wished to see the face of the person, by whose agency, these words were delivered; but that could not be done; without betraying himself: he therefore, went away, pondering on what had passed.

Meanwhile, *Louis XVIII.* reached Ostend, expiring with ill health, fatigue, terror, and dismay, which at this place, *agmine facto*, assailed him. It was about three weeks, subsequent to the arrival at Bourdeaux, of the Duke and Duchess of *Angoulême*.—The maritime towns had been injured most severely, by the hostilities of the revolution. The inhabitants, therefore, were well affected towards the King: and now welcomed this part of the royal family, with every appearance of zeal, and attachment. A *féte* was given, on the occasion; for the entertainment of the Duke and Duchess; by the principal merchants of Bourdeaux.—Here, they were in the very midst of hilarity, enjoying all

known, that at the battle of Waterloo, a certain something seized upon the mind of the restored Emperor, which "*panic struck*" him at the moment; and the sensation was communicated to the entire army!!

the luxuries of the south of France : (for which the Bourbon family, have always evinced a *goût*) when the news of Buonaparte's landing reached the Duke, by a courier, who brought despatches from the now extinguished government of ***Louis***. The excellent flavour of the *Pâtè de foie gras*, was no longer remembered. The juice of the *Chateáu de Margeau*, failed to exhilirate ; and though the Duke did not disclose the contents of his letters ; lest the festivity of the evening should be interrupted, he took flight at a very early hour in the morning ; leaving the Duchess to communicate the direful news ! This *femme d'esprit* (whom Napoleon called the only *man* in the Bourbon family) with a presence of mind, worthy the daughter of *Maria Antoinette*, and the granddaughter of *Maria Thérèse ;* ordered a detachment of troops to take possession of Blaye ;— an important out-post: but the commandant openly refused to admit them, resolved to uphold the interests of Napoleon, whose progress was now rapid, and notorious. The Duchess, finding her efforts, in this respect,

vain; ordered herself to be conducted to the *Château de Trompette;* where she had hopes, that the troops would rally round her. The danger of such an undertaking, was urged most forcibly; but the heroine was inflexible, and replied, "I do not question you about the danger; I only desire you to conduct me to the place!" The General absolutely refused! Our amazon, then harangued the soldiers; but to no purpose! And now, seeing that all was lost, for the present; she said, "I perceive you are cowards; and I absolve you from your oaths of allegiance to my family." So saying, she immediately went on board an English frigate, in the harbour; having first distributed her outward garments, to the populace; who seemed really attached to her; these were in a moment torn in pieces, and distributed; to be preserved by the lovers of legitimacy; and perhaps, handed down to posterity, as sacred relics of the Bourbon Dynasty!

Notwithstanding the total discomfiture at *Bourdeaux;* the Duke of Angoulême, was for a while, successful in the south. He had an

army of six thousand adherents: and putting himself at their head, obtained one, or two, signal victories, over the troops of Napoleon. But, the soldiers were ripe for revolt: and being soon betrayed, he was forced to surrender, on honourable conditions! General Gilly, faithfully carried into effect, the terms granted by him; and the Duke having seen, that the lives, and property of his followers, were secured; set out under an escort, for Cette: where he was to take shipping for England. But, at this juncture, General Grouchy arrived, as chief in command of Napoleon's army; and, in order to ingratiate himself with his imperial master, arrested the progress of the Duke; and would not suffer him to proceed, until he should receive instructions from Paris. But Napoleon, at this crisis, would not violate the terms acceded to by General Gilly, as may be seen in his orders to Grouchy, on the subject: where he says, "the ordonnance of the king, "dated March the 6th, and the declaration "signed by his ministers, on the 13th, at "Vienna; might authorize me to treat the

" Duke of *Angoulême*, as that ordonnance, and " that declaration, proposed to treat me, and " my family: but adhering to the views, " which induced me to order, that the mem- " bers of the Bourbon family, should be per- " mitted to leave France, freely: my intention " is, that you should give orders for conducting " the Duke of *Angoulême* to Cette: where he " shall be embarked: *and that you watch* " *over his safety, and protect him from all bad* " *treatment.* You will merely take care to " recover the money, which has been removed " from the public chests; and to require " the Duke of *Angoulême* to bind himself, to " the restitution of the crown diamonds; which " are the property of the nation. You will " also, make known to him, the enactments of " the laws of the national assembly; which " are renewed; and which apply to the members " of the family of Bourbon, who may enter the " French territory."*

* The National Assembly denounced the Bourbon family, and decreed the punishment of death, if they entered France.

The proclamations of the Allied Sovereigns, were circulated through France, by the ministers of Napoleon; in the expectation, that he might be so embarrassed as to surrender many of those prerogatives, which he had formerly claimed: and indeed, he promised to be governed by their advice, in the formation of the new constitution. He retired to the *Palais de Bourbon;* where the outline of this was drawn up; and named the "additional act." As no expences were to be granted to distant electors, the act could not be discussed: so that the votes were taken, by the different municipal officers; who were, by new appointments, the friends of Napoleon. The necessary arrangements being made, a spacious and superb amphitheatre, was formed in the open air, at the *Champ de Mars;* where surrounding, and sloping banks, were occupied with thousands, upon thousands, of the populace: all waiting, with anxious expectation, for the commencement of the exhibition. The extensive plain was filled with troops; principally cavalry. In the centre, an altar was raised, opposite to

which, was placed the imperial throne! At this altar, the votes of the distant departments were collected, as well as those of the personal electors given. They were proclaimed aloud to the wondering multitude! When this was over, Napoleon, with his three brothers, arrived. High mass was celebrated, with all the pomp of church solemnity! One of the Deputies then addressed the Emperor, from the foot of the throne. The Arch Chancellor, came forward: and declared, with all the grave dignity of his office, that the new constitution, had been accepted by the people,—to which, the Emperor now affixed his signature, and swore to preserve it. After this, Napoleon descended from the throne; and throwing aside his regal mantle, advanced to the centre of the amphitheatre: where he distributed the imperial eagles to his troops, as they passed in review before him: who, in their turn, swore to defend them. At this moment, the air resounded with the shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!!*" These shouts were re-echoed by myriads of voices, from the soldiery, and countless population!!

The word was then given to the multitude—"*You swear!*" It was answered from a hundred thousand tongues, "*We swear!*" and concluded by another shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!!*" which shook the earth and skies!!!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

At this moment, a *person*, in the garb of an *ecclesiastic*, rushed forth from the crowd: and coming in front of the altar, stood bold, and erect, for some time, in the presence of the Emperor: to whom he said, in a low, but distinct voice, "I am * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * And, you know it!!!"† Then, turning to the multitude; in a voice of thunder, he exclaimed; "Beware, Frenchmen, how you take an oath, which you *must* break!" A dead silence, followed this warning; and as the *dark personage*, passed the Emperor; he addressed him again, in these words,

Hail! thunder! rain!!
We meet again,
Both I, and you,
At WATERLOO!!!

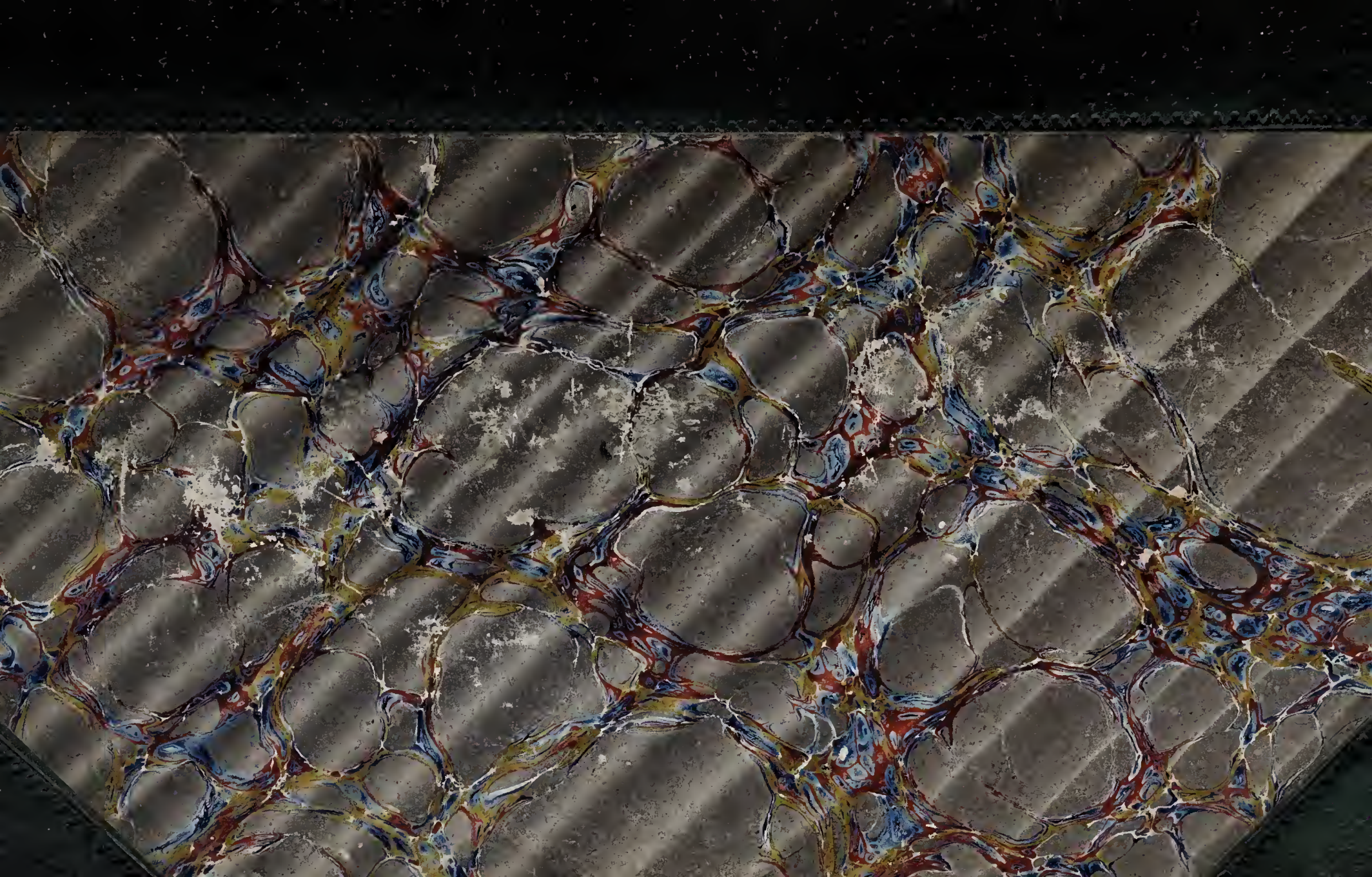
† Who this man was, could not at the moment be ascertained. Truth, was sure it was the *Dauphin*; but Superstition, thonght it was the *Devil!*

Napoleon, resolutely replied—"WE SHALL MEET!!" Having said thus, the *mysterious personage*, mingled with the crowd; and retired unperceived, and unmolested; and [illegible] *more be seen or heard of!!*

END OF VOLUME I.

RARE BOOK

COLLECTION

THE UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA
LIBRARY

Hoyt
1274
v.1